A CLERGYMAN TELLS

Why I'm against the United Fund

Canada's best-paying jobs—and how to get them

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MACLEAN'S

JANUARY 19 1957 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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yet it relaxes . . .

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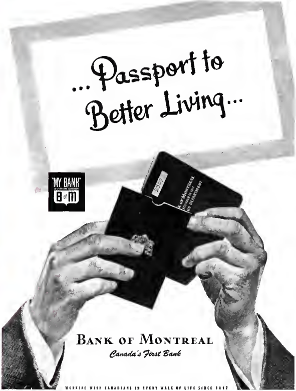

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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JANUARY 19 1957 VOLUME 70 NUMBER 2

Editorial

Dear Mr. Pickersgill:

Thanks for the Hungarian refugees

After having rapped the Canadian immigration department on the knuckles on several past occasions it is pleasant to be able to slap it on the back on this one. The offer to bring in as many Hungarian refugees as wish to come to Canada is generous, wise and proper.

In common with most Canadians, Maclean's is utterly confident that over the long haul the Hungarians will be an asset and a credit to this country. Mr. Jack Pickersgill, the Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, has already remarked on this, apparently with some astonishment. He was reported to be thunderstruck to find that the new Canadians were "just the kind of people Canada wants and needs ... young, healthy and anxious to work."

Well and good. But even had they been aged, ill and infirm we still would feel that it is Canada's moral duty to take them in. For we can no longer afford the luxury of a selfish immigration policy, designed solely for our own advantage.

We have been speaking to the world too long with two voices—with the voice of Mr. Pearson at the UN, trying to show Canada as a responsible nation dedicated to a policy of internationalism, with the voice of Mr. Pickersgill at Ottawa intimating that Canada is a closed corporation, eligible only for the elite of Europe.

It would be foolish to pretend that the present influx of twenty thousand refugees from a foreign state will lead only to sweetness and light, no matter how suitable these new Canadians are as immigrants. There are going to be problems—problems of rehabilitation, problems of employment, problems of housing, education and medical care. Most of all there will be the problem of fitting an alien people into a new society. It's quite in the cards that some Canadians may find their jobs taken by newcomers, houses harder to get because of the influx, classrooms a little more overcrowded. Each one of us can probably expect to be made temporarily a little more uncomfortable because of what has happened.

But this has become an uncomfortable world and we have thus far been fortunate to live in the least uncomfortable corner of it. Canada, at the moment, represents a vacuum on this overcrowded planet. If we insist on an immigration policy that considers only our own comfort then we are bequeathing our kin a legacy of hatred, distrust, envy and eventually, violence. If we do not fill the vacuum on our own, pressures from without will fill it sooner or later under circumstances far more uncomfortable than the most liberal immigration policy.

In the case of Hungary, of course, there is a further political consideration, as the government wisely realizes. Our brave phrases in the UN would sound awfully hollow in Eastern Europe if we didn't show that Canada is and always will be a haven for those who must flee from tyranny.

Thus, as is so often the case, the moral decision turns out to be the practical decision. The idealists turn out to be the ultimate realists. If we are to survive, then we must learn to be our brother's keeper.

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The cover

Like almost all visitors to Victoria, artist **James Hill** found himself sipping tea and munching crumpets in the salubrious atmosphere of famed Crystal Garden. Hill's hungry guide for the day was Maclean's writer McKenzie Porter, the contented gent at right.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE MONTREAL, JANUARY 19 1957

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FOR 1957

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FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

REV. WILLIAM P. JENKINS TELLS

Why I'm against the United Fund

Toronto scholar and preacher, Rev. William Jenkins leads the largest Unitarian congregation in Canada.

I write with trepidation because I know that I am attacking virtue, "charity" and "success." It is not so damning to attack virtue and charity for we like a bit of naughtiness and we all like to be tough, but success is the sacred cow of our society. And the United Fund drives held in Canada last fall were successful. They are typified by the drive in Toronto which lined up eighty-nine charitable and social agencies and went out for $7,198,511.00. They raised $7,280,491.00. Success! And who dares to question a seven-million-dollar success? Well, I do. But before I raise my ugly doubts I want to pay tribute to the untiring effort of the people who organized and carried out these United Fund drives. They are earnest people with high ideals. They are concerned that the poor and the sick, the unfortunate and downtrodden should be cared for. I know many of these people and I respect their motives and their hard work. But I think they are misguided in taking this method to reach their objectives.

We are told that our charitable and social institutions will be best supported by a united one-shot money-raising drive. We won't be badgered by forty or fifty appeals. This will save time, effort and money. It will practically make charity painless. Any program that saves time, money and pain in these days is good! Or is it?

Where does your money go?

One of the very first evils of a united drive of this kind is its anonymity. You give without knowing what you support. What canvasser could name eighty-nine agencies or describe the functions of half of them? The Toronto appeal listed a church home for the aged (what church home?), the Humewood House Association (is this a housing project or what?), the Women's Patriotic League (is this a charity?). I find that these are all worthy institutions, but you wouldn't know it. Giving under this kind of mass appeal is ignorant giving and in my book that's bad! There is no longer a personal interest in a particular cause, no longer a sense of participation; just a painless parting with one's dollar. This is one reason why the March of Dimes, the American Cancer Society, the American Heart Association and others have refused to co-operate in United Funds. In business and industry your charity dollars are taken out of your pay cheques so that you are hardly aware that you're giving at all. This method of giving deprives us of our sense of responsibility to our fellow man.

The idea behind this kind of giving saps at the roots of democracy as does the means by which the idea is carried into effect. A great deal of money is not raised by voluntary giving but by the pressures of prestige and conformity. You do not give because you want to but because you must keep up public appearances or because your boss says you must co-operate (or else!) or because the union executive has approved!

I know an office worker who balked at paying. There were no direct threats from the boss but a few cold glances and subtle remarks made her decide that she would hold her job longer if she gave her "share." An engineer in a large plant raised some serious questions about this mass subscription technique and was regarded as a two-headed monster by management and employees alike. I know of one industry and one educational institution that refused to co-operate in the mass-assessment technique and held out even in the face of terrific pressure. I am sorry that I cannot name these individuals or institutions but I dare not subject them to further pressures.

This is, in short, not giving but taxation—bad taxation because it's taxation without representation. Your official taxes are assessed by public representatives elected by you. You at least have an indirect voice in deciding the purpose and amount of your taxes. But you have no voice in deciding what agencies will be admitted to the United Appeal. You have no voice in deciding who gets how much. Your favorite charity is at the mercy of a body over which you have no control. Conversely a large share of your contribution may go to organizations of which you disapprove (or of which you continued on page 32

London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Was Eden's Jamaica jaunt a blunder?

One of the most moving pieces of writing in our language is the description by the famous diarist Creevey of the Duke of Wellington walking among the dead and dying French soldiers on the day after Waterloo. The fury of battle had gone and there was only tragedy and pity. Admittedly it would be straining for effect to compare the sharp short struggle at Port Said with the Battle of Waterloo. In fact the Port Said fighting was over almost as soon as it was begun. But the cease fire has not applied to the political battlefield.

The fierce struggle as far as Britain is concerned was not in the Middle East but on the banks of the River Thames. The main fighting took place in the debating chamber of the House of Commons. The guerrilla warfare was even more violent in the committee rooms, the political clubs and the press.

Now the parliamentarians are asking what the blameless new year of 1957 will bring. We cannot see the distant scene for there is no kindly light to guide us but sufficient has happened for us to estimate the gains and losses by the two great political parties of Britain and the personalities who dominate them.

When Sir Anthony Eden went to Jamaica the wits asked, "Is it Elba or St. Helena?" In other words, would his self-imposed exile from the political scene be a matter of days or was it for ever? Many of his supporters thought it a psychological blunder that he should go so far away. Why did he not choose Scotland, or the Lake District or even the Isle of Wight? Lots of men suffer and recover from overstrain without going to the other side of the world. With more than a touch of inspired malice the anti-Tory Daily Mirror announced a contest in which the winner would be given a three-week holiday in Jamaica. The newspaper did not even mention Eden. It was not necessary.

It was only fair to Rab

Yet knowing the prime minister as I do—and he is not a man without faults—his decision to go to Jamaica was in keeping with his character. No one can carry the strain of supreme office if his body is unable to support his nerves and his mind. Secondly it would be unfair to Rab Butler as the acting prime minister if he had to refer everything to Eden by telephone. Perhaps there was another thing in Eden's mind—the pleasure that it would bring to our colored kinsmen of the Caribbean. Any of us who have wintered in Jamaica could almost hear the colored people singing their calypsos dealing with the great event. They are children of the sun and their hearts are kind.

There was the same kind of criticism when Eden as foreign secretary went continued on page 58

The Edens (right) are welcomed to Jamaica by Governor Sir Hugh Foot and wife. Speculating on trip, wits asked "Is it Elba or St Helena?"

It takes money to make good gasoline

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risen tremendously in the
past few years. Two gallons
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Finding new techniques to make
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new equipment to put these
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8-157

Backstage in Cairo

WITH BLAIR FRASER

Cartoon by Grassick

After the shooting—a war of lies

CAIRO

The long propaganda war that followed the short shooting war in the Middle East contains a moral for censors: truth may be painful but it pays in the end.

Nobody out here seems to have followed that precept. People are so mired in misinformation that discussion is almost impossible — no two countries have the same set of "facts." Deliberately or not they're all nourished on fantasy.

One example is the dispute over casualties in Port Said. I asked the British colonel in charge of information there for the official estimate of Egyptians killed. He looked a bit embarrassed — said he didn't know that there was an official figure but he thought about a hundred had been killed, maybe a hundred and fifty. I then remembered the Eden government's statement to the House of Commons, estimating casualties at a hundred dead, 540 wounded.

British correspondents who went in after the landing, when the bodies were still unburied, guessed there were two thousand piled in the cemetery at the edge of town. UN observers haven't yet had a chance to make a full enquiry but they think the reporters' guess was high. Their own preliminary estimate is a thousand dead—but that is ten times the Eden government's figure.

This disparity would have been a major propaganda defeat for Britain if Egypt had let it alone. Instead the Egyptian press has been full of the wildest stories about the "atrocities" in Port Said. People here believe at least five thousand civilians were killed and sixty thousand are homeless, that sporadic fighting and outrages continued for weeks after the cease fire, and that a quarter or more of Port Said was leveled by shelling and bombing.

Any casual visitor to Port Said can see that this is nonsense. Merchants were conducting a brisk trade in souvenirs with the occupying troops. Most of the city is intact. There's an area in the centre flattened by bombs, considerable damage near the waterfront and a block of shanty-town slums completely destroyed by fire. But the contrast between what was said and what is seen tempts the visitor to think of the actual damage as trifling—which of course it isn't.

Another Kilkenny cat operation in propaganda warfare followed Israel's capture of the Gaza Strip.

Ill-advisedly, the Israelis made no mention of civilian casualties in the Gaza refugee camps after the territory had been surrendered. It wasn't until mid-November that reporters learned from United Nations observers that quite a few people had been killed in a disturbance at Rafah camp at the south end of the Gaza Strip.

Just how many were killed is still an open question. The UN people who first told the story thought

continued on page 55

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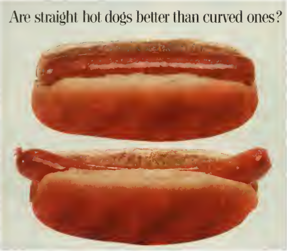

Hint: Rayonier cellulose chemistry lowers costs

Answer:
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Maclean's
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

CAREERS IN CANADA...

What they cost / What they pay

There are more jobs than ever and not enough people for them

✱ **Which offer the best future?**

✱ **The greatest rewards?**

✱ **How much training do they require?**

✱ **Which are the hardest and easiest?**

By Eric Hutton

DRAWINGS BY DESMOND ENGLISH

The generation now coming to maturity (and its parents) thinks in some ways rightly that its problems are the heaviest ever faced by any generation—such problems as the disruption of an accustomed pattern of life caused by changing attitudes toward the family, by new political alignments and, above all, by the tensions of learning to live with the atom. However, an older, less dramatic and equally fundamental problem concerns the new generation even more than those: a problem inherited from the ages, one that never changes or disappears.

"What's the best job for me—and what do I have to do to get it?"

Two things today's career-seeker can be sure of: his services will be more in demand than ever before, and he'll be paid more for them. There are not enough people available to fill all the jobs that Canada's prosperity and expansion have created. The excess of demand over supply is heightened by the fact that the generation now starting its working career is an unusually small generation, born in the depth of the Depression when Canada's birthrate was at an all-time low.

Added to the shortage of people to fill jobs is a shortage of people and facilities to train them. So when a young Canadian asks himself "What shall I make my career?" he must often add "... if I can get the training." No matter what he goes in for, the pay is likely to be high—as much as four times higher than his father got in the same job, five times more than his grandfather. Those are deceptive comparisons: the 1957 dollar is worth forty-one cents in terms of what grandfather's pre-World War I dollar would buy, and fifty-one cents alongside father's Depression dollar.

How much do various jobs pay—to start and after establishment?

What are the working conditions of different jobs—the hours, time off? How "hard" is the physical and mental effort required?

What's the type, duration and cost of the training needed?

What security do various careers offer—today, tomorrow and on retirement?

Here in brief are the answers for a number of occupations. They are, of course, based only on cold impersonal figures. The individual's own taste, temperament and ambition (or his parents' income and indulgence) will for many be far more important than any other factor. In the case of a career requiring a university educa-

Turn the page to 16 careers......

"No matter what today's career seeker goes in for, the pay is likely to be high — as much as fo mes higher than father got, and five times more than grandfather"

tion the cost of fees books materials room and board will vary from place to place and even from term to term but it can be taken that professional training will not cost less than $1,000 a year and need not cost more than $1,500. At that the student is being heavily subsidized. The $300 to $500 a year he pays in fees represents only thirty four cents on the dollar of university costs.

Beyond that there's much to be said for—and against—almost all the things that mankind can do for a living, as the following samples show.

Chartered accountants

The pay: Good. When he passes his final examination the chartered accountant is overnight worth $5,000 instead of $3,000. (He learns the result just before Christmas which is why they say most chartered accountants get married in January.) But since he left high school five years before the student accountant has been getting paid to start $1,500 rising to that fifth year $3,000. If he works for his old employer or another firm of chartered accountants, the graduate can expect to rise to $10,000 and a junior partnership in five to ten years. Civil-service CAs start at $3,600 and reach $9,500. About one third of all chartered accountants are self employed or in partnership. These report a net average income of $8,670 each. The five hundred men at the top average $25,000 a year.

Working conditions: Good. Especially for those who like an ordered life. More than any other occupation perhaps chartered accountants are nine-to-five desk workers.

Training needed: Average. A seeming paradox is that chartered accountants don't use mathematics any more complicated than sixth grade arithmetic. Their specialty is finding a meaning in figures when they're added subtracted multiplied and divided. To train, a high school graduate enters the office of a practicing chartered accountant as a "student in accounts." He does office accountancy and takes a correspondence course that requires homework two or three evenings a week from November to June, and ultimately tries his final examination after his fifth year.

Security: Good. Salaried accountants share their employer's security programs; self-employed accountants must organize their own. Employment security is considered high because, as one CA put it, "If everybody else went bankrupt they'd need us to show them why." There are also more openings for CAs than applicants and many routes of promotion—the business world is full of chartered accountants who have lost that identity in the dignity of managerships, comptrollerships, vice-presidencies and presidencies.

Teachers

The pay: Fair. Some unlicensed rural teachers make less than $600 a year; some city high school principals make more than $10,000 a year. The average for experienced urban teachers in Canada is $3,400 for both sexes. Men average $1,350 a year more than women teachers because they tend to stay in the profession longer and get raises for seniority and specialist ratings. High and public-school salary ranges are about the same but many more high-school teachers reach the upper brackets.

Working conditions: Excellent. Teachers get longer vacations than other workers — two months in summer and a week each at Christmas and Easter. Teachers are restless folk though. City teachers average five years in a job, town teachers two years and rural teachers only a year.

Training needed: Average. Secondary-school teachers (except vocational teachers) must have a BA plus a year's teaching course as a minimum. Public-school teachers need a year in normal school after high-school graduation. Where the teacher shortage is acute permits are issued to teachers with lower qualifications.

Security: Good. Each province has its own pension plan for teachers, and there are militant teachers associations in every province to protect teachers' interests. Job security is high for teachers because there is a severe shortage; experts calculate that in ten years there will be a deficit of forty thousand teachers, the number needed to teach one more million children.

Engineers

The pay: Excellent. In fact the highest of any occupation. Canada's two thousand self employed consulting engineers report average net incomes (overhead deducted) of just over $12,000 each. The top five hundred reported a $27,000 average. In mid-1956 salaried engineers' professional organizations drew up a recommended salary schedule: a $4,200 starting salary, rising to $16,000 with long experience. But before the year's end industry exceeded the engineers' own scale and was starting men with top degrees at up to $7,000 a year.

Working conditions: Fair. Many engineers travel widely in their work but not all assignments involve taming nature or rearing great structures. Several companies admit their engineers are overworked because there aren't enough of them available.

Training needed: Stiff. The basic course is four years after grade thirteen for a bachelor's degree, another year leads to a master's degree, two added years to a PhD. It's one of the hardest courses—both to get into and to get out of with a degree.

Security: Good. The salaried engineer works for just about every major industry there is, so his fringe benefits and retirement plan depend on what his employer does about such things—which is usually quite a lot nowadays. The employment security of both salaried and consulting engineers is extremely high. Today there are two engineering jobs in Canada for every engineer, and both employers and universities predict the shortage will get worse before it gets better. Canada loses an average of five hundred graduates a year, some to Britain but mostly to the United States, where the demand for engineers is so high that the New York Sunday Times regularly carries as many (and as big) advertisements from firms seeking engineers as from Florida hotels seeking tourists. Starting pay offered in the U.S. ranges up to $9,000 to $15,000. Immigration of engineers into Canada more than balanced losses in recent years but has fallen off sharply as European countries are bidding high to keep their own engineers at home.

Scientists

The pay: Good. Although scientists (physicists, biologists, geologists, chemists, mathematicians) are classed with engineers their incomes tend to be lower because few are high-fee consultants and because many enter those modestly paid fields, teaching and civil service, in which the salary range is $3,000 to $15,000. The crown company, Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd., employs about a hundred scientists and has been hiring more for Canada's expanding atomic projects such as the nuclear power plant at Des Joachims on the Ottawa River. Starting pay for scientists at Atomic Energy is $5,000 and goes to $15,000. Industrial employers are offering starting salaries ranging from $4,500 to $5,400.

Working conditions: Fair. At any rate to the unbiased observer what some scientists do in line of duty seems no better than fair—such as parties of government geologists wintering in the Arctic, or physicists working in the midst of potential perils of atomic radiation. The majority of scientists, though, work eight-hour days in classroom or laboratory.

Training needed: Average. Four years at university on top of senior matriculation in nine subjects, including chemistry and physics, is a typical course. Postgraduate study for specialization can add to the training time.

Security: Good. As with other salaried careers, social security and pension programs of scientists depend on the individual employer's plans. Job security, based on the demand for scientists, is high. Unlike engineering, university science courses are not overly crowded. Recently Dr. O. M. Solandt, one of Canada's leading scientists, expressed concern that science enrolments "are either declining or barely holding their own."

Bank employees

The pay: Fair. But bankers like to cite the example of a junior clerk who became an assistant general manager before he was thirty at $25,000 a year, and a twenty-four year-old branch manager making $10,000. Banks start boys with junior matriculation at a salary up to $1,750 (graduation high in his class would make him a prize prospect worth even more). A fairly fast climber could expect to be an accountant in five years at double his starting salary. Women who start at $1,700 a year can catch up to men at this point but generally go no farther than accountant, although the number of women accountants is increasing. In the upper salary levels are forty-five branch managerships with salaries up to $20,000 a year and about one hundred executive posts which pay $10,000 to $35,000—top executives make

Working conditions: Fair. Bankers' hours as a synonym for a short work day just doesn't apply to bank staffs. Banks habitually work overtime on twice a month "balance days" and on late-closing Fridays and normally work nine to five. On the other hand banks do get more statutory holidays than most businesses, and employees get three weeks instead of two if they take vacations in winter. Bankers move to as many as twelve branches in their early career but need not accept transfers if they prefer not.

Training required: Little. Bank employees learn their business on the job, but for those who want to speed up their training there are a number of special courses, notably a correspondence course of at least two years leading to the diploma FCBA (Fellow of the Canadian Bankers Association).

Security: Excellent. Banks claim the highest job security of any occupation, with few firings even during the depth of the Depression. Fringe benefits are said to be among the highest, adding up to thirty percent of the salary and including a yearly bonus that usually amounts to about ten percent of salary. There are also cost of living allowances in expensive cities (and even larger bonuses in pioneer areas where the manager may live in a trailer bank). Most banks contribute double or more the employee's share to a pension plan that pays up to seventy two percent of the banker's top salary at sixty after thirty five years work.

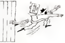
Salesmen

The pay: Good. Of course the term "salesman" is so broad that it covers down at heels peddlers as well as an aristocracy of supersalesmen who clear $100,000 a year selling group annuities or hotel chains. Real estate happens to be a "hot" item in the selling business at present and, according to one of Canada's largest realtors, offers a beginner about $4,000 a year in commissions and is worth $7,000 a year to an experienced man. There are forty thousand commission salesmen (and women) in Canada who make enough to pay income tax and they report an average of $4,600 each after expenses. The leading seven hundred and fifty salesmen report an average of $22,000 each. In addition there are many thousands of salaried salespeople who make between $2,000 and $3,500 a year.

Working conditions: Fair. Commission selling often means long hours and night calls to suit customers' "buying time," so the most successful operators are likely to end up with ulcers while the inept starve to death. Salaried salespeople work store hours, meet nice, nasty, interesting and dull people—and suffer from aching feet.

Training required: Little. Often it takes a flair rather than book learning to make a good salesman, and half an hour's pep talk by a sales manager may be all the preparation some salesmen get. On the other hand some items need an expert to sell them, and an engineer with a long college education may become a highly paid machinery salesman. The longest course in selling specifically is a three year evening course in real estate offered by the University of Toronto.

Security: Fair. Salaried salespeople share the pension plan and other fringe benefits of particular employers. Those whose incomes depend largely on commissions have job security that is approximately as good as their sales records.



Farmers

The pay: [illegible]. More than eight hundred thousand Canadians live by farming but in 1955 only forty thousand reported enough net income — averaging $3,525 each — to pay income tax. An upper bracket fifteen hundred farmers reported $13,000 each and 240 at the top averaged $28,000. "Net income" means with operating costs deducted but before personal income tax deductions. However farmers must report as income the value of farm products their families use. This is about $200 for each person on a mixed

What it costs to make a buck

The salaried worker or wage earner gets his pay cheque in exchange for his time, his toil or his talent, and the income tax authorities allow him to deduct no expenses connected with earning a living (except some union and professional organization dues). But among the unsalaried—the nearly four hundred thousand tax-paying professional men and women who have their own practices, the farmers, fishermen and landlords and everyone else in business for himself—it takes money to bring in income.

Each must cope with overhead such as the fisherman's bait, the farmer's seed, the doctor's office rent, the dentist's gold for fillings, the landlord's repair bills, the commission salesman's outlay for entertaining a prospect. Expenses of earning a living range from the average wholesaler's claim that he must put $16.80 to work in order to make one dollar, down to the commission salesmen's report that it costs them sixty cents to earn a dollar. Other occupations' cost of netting a dollar (before income tax) are:

FOREST OPERATORS	$6.40
CONSTRUCTION CONTRACTORS	$7.65
MANUFACTURERS	$10.48
RETAILERS	$14.80
SERVICE TRADE OPERATORS	$7.30
FINANCIERS	$3.50
FARMERS AND FISHERMEN	$5
SELF-EMPLOYED PROFESSIONALS (such as doctors and lawyers)	$1.80

Continued on page 51

PILGRIM AT HOME Gretta Graffin enjoys walking rural roads near Winnipeg but a year ago she walked 3,000 miles until she collapsed on a European pilgrimage

PHOTOS BY DAVE PORTIGAL

PILGRIM AT SCHOOL Gretta (at right) seldom discusses her trek with pupils in her St Vital Man schoolroom "They'd just tell me to start walking"

Gretta Graffin's journey back to the Middle Ages

This Manitoba schoolteacher was vaguely troubled and restless, so she searched for answers in an ancient way—through poverty and a grueling pilgrimage on foot across Europe

BY ROBERT COLLINS

Probably not one person in a million today would think of living the way his ancestors lived in the Middle Ages But the summer before last Margarita (Gretta) Graffin a forty three year old Manitoba schoolteacher went back a thousand years in a way of living and thinking and became a pilgrim

Not an airborne pilgrim or a Cook's-tour pilgrim, but the kind of pilgrim who from the time of the Crucifixion to the Middle Ages roamed Europe and the Holy Land penniless ill-clothed sometimes barefoot not despising poverty and hardship but welcoming them as essentials to a humble questing spirit

From August 1955 until late July 1956 she visited Roman Catholic shrines in Italy France Spain Portugal Britain and Eire For six consecutive months she walked three thousand miles through rain heat and snow begging clothes, shelter and meals of bread and water after giving away what luggage and money she had

Today Gretta a slight five-foot brown-eyed brunette intensely religious but with a down to earth sense of humor teaches grades seven and eight at Holy Cross School in St Vital a Winnipeg suburb and regards her exercise in asceticism as no more trying than a Sunday-school picnic

"There was nothing heroic about it" she insists "Oh it was uncomfortable at times Some people say the more uncomfortable you are the more holy you become If so there were days I became holy by leaps and bounds!"

Those were the days when her shoes literally fell apart on the road when dinner after a twenty five mile hike was one dry bread roll washed down with water from a pump when she huddled in doorways out of the rain and wondered where she'd sleep that night

There was also a day near Imperia in northwestern Italy when a speeding car knocked her down She got up with a nosebleed but refused a lift into town There was the night a French housewife turned her out in the rain saying "Pay or get out" Gretta slept that night on a pile of damp sacks on a garage floor

Another time near Bari in southern Italy a band of youths held her up on a lonely road As usual she didn't have a *lira* so they let her go Finally in February 1956 Europe's bitter storms drove her briefly to a sickbed in Spain ending the walking phase of her pilgrimage

Gretta whose constitution is as stout as her faith considered these minor annoyances The important things were her visit to Turin's Chapel of the Holy Shroud where Christ's burial sheet is said to be preserved an audience with Pope Pius XII a visit to Lourdes famous shrine of St Bernadette and the hours of prayer at countless other shrines and cathedrals.

Not until she actually set out on the road did it occur to her that she was living exactly as the ancient pilgrims did But now she insists that their harrowing way of life promotes peace of mind

"I don't consider poverty an end in itself" she says "I chose it as a form of penance Any Catholic does penance on a pilgrimage just as the ancient pilgrims did One form of penance is to abstain from what you normally consider comfort I've always lived very simply so my penance was even more stringent than most Furthermore I was down to about thirty dollars when I reached Europe so my poverty was partly a matter of necessity"

At any rate she found it "good therapy for the mind" For six months she was engrossed with her prayers and in wondering "Who'll feed me?" or "Where'll I sleep?" Everyday thoughts faded into the background Petty details that had worried her in Canada became totally unimportant She says she returned a calmer less regimentative more serious person

She would like to make another pilgrimage and thinks such a journey would be good for any "tired housewife or businessman regardless of faith

But admittedly Gretta Graffin was better equipped for the journey than most would be In retrospect all her earlier years seem to have been a preparation for such a pilgrimage She was born in Belfast and began her education in a convent hence her Irish humor and solid religious grounding—both assets on the pilgrimage

She was eight when her father John then a railway section hand brought his family to Carberry Man At secular school she was something of an oddity she thrived on work She had no patience with teachers who couldn't keep up with her nimble mind It wasn't easy for the teacher because Gretta took books home every night (homework or not) joined with her parents in hot discussions of the lessons and went back to school full of intelligent questions

Once she told her mother "We're just wasting time in class."

"Don't tell me tell the teacher" said Mrs. Graffin

Gretta did with characteristic bluntness and was temporarily expelled Later as a teacher herself she once quit her job because she felt school hockey was interfering with studies

She grew up restless bored with the usual social circles and determined to be "completely on my own" When she was about fourteen she decided on impulse to live like a Hindu For six months she went without meat and spent hours sitting cross legged on the floor to the consternation of her parents She loved hiking and during the Depression worked and often walked around Canada as teacher clerk governess maid cook and waitress In the Forties she received a BA in languages from the University of Montreal She speaks French fluently and Spanish moderately well another asset on her European jaunt

Then in 1952 she made a two-week journey to Our Lady of Guadalupe shrine in Mexico

"It was a surprise" she says "I didn't expect to feel different afterward but I left behind some strange malaise a feeling I wasn't even aware of until it disappeared"

Therefore in 1955 when the same vague restlessness overtook her continued on page 37

How they're making a hero of Pierre Radisson

In a few weeks this vagabond explorer will bust out on TV, in shops and song as "the first Canadian." He's our answer to Davy Crockett, even to wearing Crockett's hat with a feather in it

BY BARBARA MOON

Once upon a time Walt Disney, a cartoonist-turned-impresario, huffed up a tarnished early-nineteenth-century U.S. hero named Davy Crockett, televised him—and turned him into a kindergarten cult. The cult spread across the undefended frontier into Canada, where it prompted dismay among patriotic adults. The people who write letters to newspapers wrote letters demanding an embargo on the import of foreign history. One of them reported that his kid had been so thoroughly brain washed by American TV that he'd said one day, "The British? They're the Bad Guys, aren't they?" Scores of editorial writers opined that Canada had far better homegrown heroes than Crockett — David Thompson, say, or Samuel de Champlain or Adam Dollard or those two colorful scamps Radisson and Groseilliers, known to schoolchildren as Radishes and Gooseberries. The president of the CPR, N. R. Crump, was so wrathy he got off the rails during a speech in Edmonton and proposed his own candidate, an obscure, hard-drinking half-breed hell-pint named Jerry Potts, who had been a scout for the North West Mounted Police. The Crockett craze was deplored in home-and-school meetings, the annual convention of the Canadian Humanities Association and parliament.

The Crockett invasion took place in 1955.

The Canadian counterattack starts in three weeks on all fronts.

On Friday, Feb. 8, from five to five-thirty, English-speaking small fry across Canada will see episode 1 of a thirty-nine-part filmed TV series on the life and times of Pierre Esprit Radisson (1637-1710). The previous Sunday, Feb. 3, from five-thirty to six, little *Canadiens* will have seen the same thing in French. Fifteen weekly installments are scheduled for this season; the remaining twenty-four will be run off next season, if the first serving is greeted with satisfactory squeals. The CBC, as a custodian of Canadian culture, is making the series and footing the bill, and it is by far its most ambitious attempt to date to meet U.S. television on its own ground.

Radisson was chosen chiefly because he lent himself to bilingual treatment. He was a seventeenth-century French adventurer from Three Rivers, Que., who was captured by the Iroquois in his teens, stumbled on a land route to Hudson Bay and a lot of beaver in his twenties, sold out his secret to the English in his thirties (thereby prompting the formation of the Hudson's Bay Company), spied on the English for the French in his forties and died broke in London in his seventies. He is therefore being billed as "the first Canadian," which the CBC hopes has a more resounding ring than Crockett's tag, "king of the wild frontier."

That's not all. Two years ago Crockett's exploits were being daily and continuously celebrated by Wurlitzer, on radio and in a multitude of childish drones. The Ballad of Davy Crockett topped the Canadian hit parade for six weeks in a row and sold 200,000 discs. Now a Canadian rebuttal has been prepared. Its chorus goes this way . . .

continued overleaf

THE DIPLOMAT

vernor's mansion at Three Rivers tough Radisson & brother-in-law Groseilliers (left) plot a fur trip.

THE PIONEER

With party of French fops foisted on him by the governor Radisson sets out for Hudson Bay. The fops turned back.

Here's the Radis 'll be seeing on Canadian TV

THE EXPERT CANOEIS

true voyageur Radisson slips silently from shore rusty birchbark. In filming the canoes often tipped.

THE INDIAN FIGHTER

Buckskin-clad Radisson fights hand to hand with Iroquois brave. Feathered hat is being produced for sale to kids.

To see how they're filming Radisson turn page

Radisson, Radisson,
Canada's courageous pioneer!
Radisson, Radisson,
Lord of the Wilderness
The man who knew no fear

It was created by the series' free-lance author, John Lucarotti, in collaboration with a Toronto Symphony Orchestra trumpeter named Johnny Cowell, who is also responsible for Walk Hand in Hand with Me, a recent hit.

The CBC itself, of course, will not dabble in what Disney calls "exploitation" and Lucarotti calls the "T-shirt bit." In fact it hasn't even looked for a sponsor for the show since getting committed to a sponsor beforehand might possibly impair something CBC officials call "the series integrity." They have, however, left Lucarotti a free commercial hand, he's using it gleefully to beat the drums. "Why not?" he asks reasonably. The Radisson song has been recorded for Lucarotti, Cowell and the Spiral label by Wally Koster, a star of TV's Cross-Canada Hit Parade, and sheet music is being produced by a music house operated by Denny Vaughan, a popular singer. The TV Radisson won't sing the words but he'll probably hum the tune over the titles.

Another old score is to be evened. In 1955 in one three-month period 150,000 pairs of denim Crockett pants and 250,000 coonskin Crockett caps were sold in nine Canadian provinces (the craze didn't catch on in Quebec). Crockettry, in fact, ranged from plastic ice-cream cones to ladies' panties. In a more dignified way, Radisson's getting the same treatment.

By the end of last November Macpherson-Menzies, Toronto toy wholesalers, were hard at work as Lucarotti's agents, licensing manufacturers to make a line of Radisson merchandise. They'd already told Lucarotti his share of the proceeds would probably run to fifty thousand dollars. "Radisson'll be the biggest thing to hit the Canadian toy industry—ever," they promised. They and the toy makers stand to make somewhat more than Lucarotti.

There's a Radisson doll, modeled from a snapshot of Jacques Godin, the actor who's playing Radisson. There's a Radisson rifle, a knife, a belt, a music box, a suit of buckskins and a T-shirt. There's a Radisson game, on the snakes-and-ladders principle, with tiny canoes for counters, setbacks like "fighting Iroquois" and alternative routes from Three Rivers to Hudson Bay. These should all be ready for delivery by the end of February.

And then there's the hat. It's the fur toque, skewered at the back with a white feather, that is Radisson's headgear throughout the series except when he's adopted by the Iroquois, who don't wear hats.

Here Canadian caution has proved downright canny. When the Crockett craze expired in the fall of 1955 the bottom dropped out of a cheap-fur market in which, as one New York wholesaler had put it, "anything with hair on it moves." At least twenty five Canadian firms were caught with a surfeit of coonskin caps, worth perhaps a nickel apiece. Now they're cutting them into Radisson hats as fast as they can. All they have to do is lop off the tails, add white feathers and start filling orders for the end of February.

Radisson was the brain child of Monica Clare, CBC's national organizer of children's programs. She wanted to do a series on him, she says, as far back as 1954.

Last May, when a trans-Canada TV network was in sight, she judged the time right. Thus Mrs. Clare, whose office does not command a TV budget, advanced on Montreal to talk the regional television director into financing the series. It turned out that the French network supervisor of children's programs was also interested in Radis- **continued on page 46**

Here's the behind-scenes Radisson you don't see on TV

FROGMAN
Far cry from pioneer days, a frogman wades with electric cable for cameras to a barge on the St. Lawrence for outdoor films. Mosquitoes plagued the make-believe Indians.

CAGED DUCKS
To have ducks ready for hunting scenes they were kept in a cage on the water. Actor Paul Germain, playing an Indian, is the only real Indian in Radisson cast.

DRY RUN
For some of the outdoor scenes the actors never left the Montreal studio but paddled on a set. Dock here is the same as on page 15, without water which is run on floor for filming.

Blair Fraser reports from Cairo

How Tommy Burns tries to keep the peace

CAIRO

Major-General Eedson L. M. Burns, commander in chief of the United Nations Emergency Force in the Middle East, says with a straight face that he owes his position to an article he once offered—but failed to sell—to Maclean's.

"You've probably forgotten this," he said last week in his office a block from the Nile, "but I talked to you in 1945 about an idea I had in mind. I even went ahead and started work on it.

"Your editors turned it down. They said the idea was too academic, too improbable to be interesting."

I had indeed forgotten it. What was the article about?

"It was an argument for setting up a United Nations police force."

At this point I realized that the unsmiling general, who has something of a reputation for gravity, was pulling my leg.

The same thought must often dawn upon the Arabs and Israelis with whom Burns has been dealing for the past two and a half years. This singularly quiet Canadian, who now heads the very United Nations police force that he advocated eleven years ago, has been a unique success in one of the world's most difficult jobs.

He has been judge for the court of world opinion in hundreds of bloody encounters along Israel's six-hundred-mile border, and from time to time his judgments have been bitter pills for both sides. He has negotiated cease fires time and again, and time and again set about restoring them when they've been broken. Living in solitary splendor on a hilltop outside Jerusalem, in the villa that once housed the British high commissioner for Mandated Palestine, he has inherited the suspicion that both sides have learned to feel toward Her Majesty's generals. Now in command of a polyglot force from seven countries, he is restoring an unstable armistice line between two enemies who suspect each other and the rest of the world of bad faith.

Burns has survived all this suspicion by ignoring it. He gets away with this because neither Arab nor Israeli is quite sure how to take him. They too sometimes wake up a little late to the awareness that the general is not as naive as he makes himself look.

As usual he was not being wholly facetious when he reminded me of that rejected article. There really was a connection between it and the job of heading the UN's first police force. Burns had got a lot of help from the United Nations Association and thought the least he could do in return was to become a member. No sooner was he enrolled than he was drafted as national president. This made him a logical choice when in 1954 Canada was asked to nominate a major-general as chief of staff for the United Nations Truce

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◀ **COLONEL NASSER**

GENERAL BURNS ▶

The Egyptian dictator wouldn't allow Canadian infantry in the UN force at any price. But Egyptians so favored the appointment of Burns that they accepted the whole idea of UN action

"Our forefathers built very uncomfortable prisons," said Señor Guevara

My friend Guevara knew the general was
tough and ambitious
and never forgot an affront.
Now, on the night of Vultier's election,
he received a single, ominous gold plate

A GIFT FROM EL PRESIDENTE

BY KEN W. PURDY

Illustrated by OSCAR

Election day had been lively, even for Ciudad Balboa, and small wonder: it was the first national election in nine years. The police said there had been no deaths, while conceding that a certain number of non-fatal shootings, stabbings and sluggings had occurred. There was no reason to believe they were telling the truth, but by seven o'clock in the morning the city was moderately peaceful. There were rumors of trouble along Avenida Fingal in the Chamarro district, and occasionally a pistol shot cracked among the rooftops, but on the wide sidewalks of the Prado, along the ocean front, all was quiet and there were not many people abroad. A few heavy sheets of rain had swept in from the sea just after dawn, but the sky had cleared quickly and the streets, still wet, were beginning to steam in the sun. It was too late to go to bed and too early to look for breakfast.

I saw Rafael Guevara five minutes before we were close enough to speak. He was a long way ahead of me, but I knew him. I think he was the only man in Ciudad Balboa who inevitably and always wore black linen suits, and if that were not enough, his bright silvery hair was distinctive—not only the color but the mass of it. I called to him when I was near enough for him to hear me.

"Well, well, Roberto," he said. "*Buenos días.* You have been up all night observing the Liberation, I suppose?"

"I observed what I could," I told him. "And I've been up all night, that's true enough. And as for you?"

The old man smiled. "I am more nearly rational," he said, "and then too I have no editors in New York hanging on my every word. So I went to bed at midnight, confident that the sun would come up as usual this morning and that Juan Vultier would have been swept into the Palacio by an overwhelming majority. That is the correct journalist's phrase in English, is it not, an overwhelming majority?"

"It's one of two," I told him. "An overwhelming majority or a narrow margin. One or the other. In this case, the first."

"There was no reason to doubt it," Guevara said. "Señor Vultier, El Presidente Vultier, I suppose I should say, was an attractive candidate. A barefoot peon in the canefields, poor but honest and hard-working; a spectacular soldier who shattered even our records for the rise from private to general; a faithful husband, they say; a dutiful father, no doubt; a rich man, but all of it honestly come by, of course; intelligent, one hears; statesmanlike; even solicitous of the interests of the mass of the people. Yes, yes, very attractive indeed."

I laughed. "Anyone overhearing you would think you'd be happy to take the Ministry of Foreign Affairs again," I said, "even though you *were* a Liberal."

"A funnier joke than you know," Guevara said. "Tell me, have you had breakfast? You have not? Then come to my house, we will have something to eat and you can watch me pack."

We had walked a bit before the significance of what he had said came to me. "Pack?" I said. "It's a month early for you to be going to the mountains, isn't it, Don Rafael?"

"No mountains, Roberto," he said. "No mountains—Miami."

I didn't know what to make of that. I had been two years in Ciudad Balboa and I thought I knew the political climate. I could think of no reason why Rafael Guevara should have to leave the country the day after a new president had been elected. He had been in opposition, of course, with the rest of the outgoing Liberal administration, but he had always been quite above the area in which the infighting and the dagger work went on. His was a four-hundred-year-old family; he was an intellectual, brilliant by any standard, certainly a patriot to the bone and a thoroughly effective diplomat. Vultier was a rough hard man, a braggart and a swaggerer, but he was bright with a kind of up-country shrewdness—bright enough, I'd have thought, to ask Guevara to come into his administration in some capacity or other. Yet here was Guevara, certainly no coward, ready to fly to Miami. I said as much as we passed the pink stucco walls of Guevara's house and turned in through the iron gate.

"I suppose I don't have to tell you that it is not fear that's chasing me to Miami, Roberto," Señor Guevara said. "At my age, what is there to be afraid of, really? Nothing—except the dread of living too long. But one must think of one's effectiveness and sometimes, even of one's comfort. I would be neither effective nor comfortable in Montarez. Our forefathers built very uncomfortable prisons. Strong, but uncomfortable."

He produced a heavy gold plate. "I received this about midnight."

We went through the house to the patio. Guevara called a maid and asked her to bring breakfast.

"I concede my ignorance," I said. "You seem so sure—but I would have thought there were no hard feelings between you and Vultier."

"Hard feelings? That's not really the word for it," Guevara said. "The people Vultier truly dislikes—and I grant you there aren't a great many of them—they had better be in Miami already or on the way. Otherwise I think they'll never get there. With Vultier and me it's something else. Let me show you what he sent me last night. About midnight I got this, just as I was going to bed."

He pulled open a sideboard drawer and brought a tissue-wrapped package to the table. I opened it. It was a plain gold plate, very heavy, perhaps seven inches in diameter. In the centre something had been engraved, probably a century and a half before. The legend, whatever it was, could not be read.

"This explains it?" I asked.

"Yes. Sit down, have some coffee and I'll tell you. It's very simple.

"Years ago, as you probably know, Vultier was commandant of Fortress Bolivar in Lamaguey Province. He was well on his way up then, a driver, an ambitious man who obviously had everything all worked out. He was a colonel at the time; this was in the middle 1930s. Since Bolivar is our biggest installation there is always a tremendous celebration there during Independence Week. I was among Vultier's personal guests that year. There were a dozen or so of us, and of course Vultier had to show us everything.

"Vultier preferred, he said, to live like a simple soldier. He was quite dramatic."

"He was proud of the changes he had made at Bolivar, and he had a right to be proud. He took us over the place from top to bottom. The last thing we saw was in his own residence—a very comfortable house, you know, and richly furnished. He showed us a room on the ground floor. It was a small room, bare whitewashed walls like those in a barrack. A bed, a chair, a foot locker, nothing else. This was his own room, Vultier told us. He preferred to live, he said, like a simple soldier in the ranks. He was quite dramatic about it. That ended the tour and we got down to the business of celebrating the holidays." Guevara interrupted himself to ask the maid to bring some hot rolls.

"Now, among the other things we had seen," he went on, "was a collection of Spanish plate that has been at the fortress for longer than anyone can remember. Two weeks later Vultier did a strange thing, an ill-bred thing. He wrote to each of us who had been there, saying that one single piece of this plate was missing, that he had reason to believe that one of us had taken it, that it was a part of the national treasure, and that unless it was returned he would personally institute stern measures. Ridiculous threat for a mere colonel to make, of course, but Vultier never lacked nerve. No one answered him. He wrote a second letter, even more intemperate. One of us wrote to him then. I remember the letter quite clearly:

My dear Colonel Vultier:

In the matter of the missing golden plate, if you will turn down the covers on the simple soldier's bed in which you told us you sleep every night, you will find it.

I am, sir, sincerely yours."

I looked at Guevara. There was a smile forming around the corners of his mouth.

"Was it an anonymous letter?" I asked. "Or did you sign it?"

"I signed it," Señor Guevara said.

I held the plate in my hand again. "El Presidente Vultier has a long memory," I said, "and some sense of humor too."

Guevara laughed. "Definitely a sense of humor," he said. "I would wager anything that if I refused to go, if I let him stick me away in Montarez, I would eat every day from that very plate. Vultier would think that very funny indeed."

He wrapped the original tissue paper around the plate and tied it firmly.

"You're going to take it with you to the States?" I asked.

"Certainly," Señor Guevara said. "I wouldn't think of leaving it. Some night, some midnight, you see, I intend to send it back to him." ★

For years Conn Smythe preached mayhem in hockey
while hiring gentle coaches.
Then, with his Toronto Leafs on the ropes,
he hired the rough-and-tumble kind of guy
he always raved about

Is Meeker TOUGH ENOUGH to lick the NHL?

BY TRENT FRAYNE

Photo by Walter Curtin

Conn Smythe has long maintained that hockey players can't beat a team on the ice that they can't lick in an alley. Paradoxically, Smythe, who has been the boss of Toronto Maple Leafs for nearly thirty years and is now the president, had never hired a coach to fit the fire-and-brimstone brand of wisdom he preaches until this season. When he bought the old Toronto St. Pats franchise in 1927 the coach was a tall mild clean-playing defenseman named Art Duncan whom Smythe retained until the 1931-32 season when he hired Dick Irvin. Irvin was a moody introvert whose only real passion was raising pigeons and who often went days without speaking an unnecessary word even in those. His third coach was Clarence (Happy) Day, whose inherent shyness made him remote, a stony administrator whose nickname was a misnomer. Then came Joe Primeau, a gentle father confessor who rarely raised his voice and seldom grew angry. Finally there was Frank (King) Clancy, a rollicking gremlin of picturesquely profane speech who wouldn't hurt a fly.

But this year, in what could be described as a year of crisis, Smythe answered to animated carbon copy of his own bellicose personality. This is Howard William Meeker, a thirty-three-year-old, straight-talking, young man with a crewcut who has several things in common with his employer. Both are fiery-eyed, comparatively small and unabashedly outspoken. Both were unexceptional hockey players and both were soldiers wounded overseas. Both have attained objectives that detractors derided as being either presumptuous or impossible or both.

Last summer Smythe picked Meeker to succeed Clancy whom he kept in the organization as assistant general manager. In doing so he took on a coach of only three years' experience and made him the youngest coach in National Hockey League history. Meeker had barely hit training camp in September before he had the players whimpering under his rigorous morning and afternoon workouts.

In a visit to the camp Smythe took one look at the team, announced flatly that the players looked as if they'd been locked up in a slave-labor camp and departed muttering.

Meeker was far from abashed by the master's reaction. "To tell you the truth," he remarked, "it kind of makes me feel pretty good. I never thought I'd be too *tough* for the Leaf system."

As a player, more brash than brilliant, more a plugger than a polished performer, Meeker played for seven seasons and a fraction of an eighth

continued on page 28

Meeker exhorts Leafs against Detroit (they won this one 4-0). He's death against penalties—except for fighting ▶

Your amiable cousin, the sea gull

He can be a wit, a wonderful guy in company and a fine family man. But you can't count on him. Often he's dumb and fickle.

And, like you, he frequently eats too much and simply can't mind his own business

BY BILL STEPHENSON

Among the bird watchers and clockers who chart the doings of the feathered world, few devote much time to those sturdy white extroverts which, though many of them never see the sea, are known to all as "sea gulls." To ornithologists the gull is neither economically valuable like the duck, rare like the whooping crane nor a pest like the starling or sparrow. Amateurs look on gull-watching as too easy to be much sport. You need no cunningly camouflaged blind or strong glasses. Just sit down near where gulls are patrolling and bring out your lunch. Soon, they are watching *you*.

Nor do poets, except in ribald moments, look to this lumbering clown of sky and garbage dump for inspiration as they do to the lark, the nightingale and the eagle. Instead of "Hail to thee blithe spirit!" the salutation at sight of any of the sixty-odd different kinds of gulls is likely to be "Scram, you hungry looking bum!"

To those who like to picture the gull as a figure of ridicule, it may come as a jolt to realize that the virtues and faults of the gull—probably more than those of any other bird—are essentially those of man himself. Like the family *homo sapiens*, the *Laridae* or gull family has survived against many foes and adapted to living everywhere on earth. Like man, gulls are social animals, preferring to nest in colonies. Like some humans, both mom and dad gull share the baby-sitting.

The gull, too, comes in various shades from pink to brown. He may be small as a robin or large as a turkey. And though at home in the air or water—as man has learned to be—much of his foraging is done on foot.

As a family the *Laridae* can be stupid or resourceful, faithful to one mate or outrageously fickle, protective of their young or indifferent to their fate. If nesting materials are at hand, they may build quite elaborate nests, but if not they think little of laying their three-egg clutch on the bare sand. Social agencies would have no trouble citing human cases to parallel almost any gull behavior.

Most of the pleasures and troubles of gulls also stem from two very human traits: an intense curiosity about the world and a huge appetite. Their motto might well be "Watch it till it stops moving, then eat it." Their curiosity has caused many an accident or near-accident with aircraft. "This big gull seemed fascinated by the way I moved the controls," said George Gawrylak of Ottawa after his first solo flight. "He kept swooping back for closer looks and I got so unnerved I had to land."

Where there's food there's a gull. This one was blown down by a storm near Hamburg, Germany. In many Canadian towns gulls collect garbage.

The gull's detractors of course would explain such incidents by saying that a gull imagines a plane is something to eat, because it's true he'll try to eat almost anything of whatever size at whatever risk. Gulls have been known to bolt a mess of dew worms after watching an angler thread a hook through them. Their stomachs grind food by muscular action and are so cavernous that often the contents can be seen when they open their mouths. So determined are they to leave no niche vacant that one was seen trying to eat a fish while the legs of a recently eaten rat still protruded from his bill.

Nor do gulls make much distinction between food and drink. During Prohibition, the U.S. government offered the sanitation department of Oakland, Calif., a dollar a ton to dump confiscated barrels of bootleg liquor into the open sea along with regular garbage. As the first load of two hundred and fifty gallons hit the water, a Heermann's gull took one sniff and gave out a joyous come-and-get-it screech to comrades.

The result was more than thirty thousand dead gulls and fifty thousand others so drunk they lashed into people and autos on the street or wallowed woozily on the waves with the biggest hangover in the harbor's history. Some, however, recovered rapidly and, like veteran barflies, sat around in thirsty anticipation of the next glorious binge. This never came, for the government hastily canceled its contract.

Like hobos, gulls never forget a handout. One gull, dragging itself down the street in Swansea, Wales, was nursed back continued on page 34

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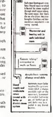
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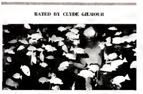

A

BEST BET **The Silent World:** Underwater documentaries are sometimes tedious screen fare but this one is a real spellbinder. It was made by Jacques-Yves Cousteau, leathery skipper of the research ship Calypso, and is an absorbing sight-and-sound diary of his adventures at the bottom of the deep. The occasional music and the sparse spoken commentary are mercifully free of the forced whimsey that often mars such enterprises.

Baby Doll: Tennessee Williams' sexy comedy-melodrama about the Deep South strikes me as being, on the whole, a lot of pretentious trash although it is vividly shot and acted under Elia Kazan's direction. With Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, Karl Malden.

The King and Four Queens: Clark Gable and Eleanor Parker are rapscallions in love in a rather confused and overlong western comedy. Its better moments, however, are quite diverting.

Love Me Tender: This isn't too bad a western except when Elvis Presley, the rock 'n' roll idol, is dominating the screen with his crude acting and even cruder "singing." For Presley fans, of course, the film is a rendezvous with destiny.

Man From Del Rio: Anthony Quinn, one of Hollywood's best actors, scores again in this offbeat western as a sloppy Mexican gunfighter who becomes sheriff of a lawless town. Rating: good.

The Teahouse of the August Moon: There is some very funny stuff in Hollywood's version of the stage comedy about postwar activities in Okinawa, but much of the treatment is disconcertingly broad and farcical. With Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford, Eddie Albert.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Attack!: War drama. Good.

Back From Eternity: Jungle suspense drama. Good.
Between Heaven and Hell: War. Fair.
Bigger Than Life: Drama. Fair.
The Blonde Sinner: Drama. Fair. (Note original title: **Yield to the Night**)
The Boss: Crime drama. Fair.
The Brave One: Mexican drama. Good.
Bus Stop: Romantic comedy. Fair.

Curucu, Beast of the Amazon: Jungle adventure. Poor.

Dakota Incident: Western. Fair.
Death of a Scoundrel: Drama. Poor.

Everything But the Truth: Romantic comedy. Poor.

French Cancan: Music-drama. Good.
Friendly Persuasion: Comedy-drama re American Quakers. Good.

Gold Rush: Chaplin reissue. Excellent.
Great American Pastime: Comedy. Fair.
Great Day in the Morning: Civil War drama. Fair.

It's Never Too Late: Comedy. Fair.

Julie: Suspense drama. Poor.

The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.
The King and I: Music-drama. Tops.

A Lamp Is Heavy: Hospital drama. Fair.

The Last Wagon: Western. Good.
The Long Arm: Detective story. Good.
Loser Takes All: Comedy. Fair.

Moby Dick: Sea drama. Excellent.
My Teenage Daughter: Drama. Fair.

Odongo: Jungle romance. Poor.

The Power and the Prize: Drama of big business. Good.

Reach for the Sky: RAF drama. Good.
Reprisal!: Western. Good.
Richard III: Shakespeare. Tops.
Run for the Sun: Suspense. Good.

The Solid Gold Cadillac: Big-business comedy. Excellent.
Storm Centre: Drama. Fair.
La Strada: Italian drama. Good.
Strange Intruder: Drama. Poor.

Teenage Rebel: Drama. Fair.
The Ten Commandments: Bible epic. Dull at spots but not irreverent.
Tension at Table Rock: Western. Good.
These Wilder Years: Drama. Good.
Timetable: Crime drama. Good.
Toward the Unknown: Air drama. Good.

The Unguarded Moment: Drama. Good.

War and Peace: Drama. Good.

You Can't Run Away From It: Comedy. Fair.

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Is Meeker tough enough to lick the NHL?

Continued from page 22

Once colorful, Leafs became the third poorest drawing card, out of the cup final five years

with the Leafs. Two of them were divided between hockey and politics. He was the surprise winner of a by-election in Waterloo South in June 1951 and served as a member of parliament for three years. According to the former Conservative leader George Drew, Meeker was an enthusiastic, conscientious member. According to Meeker, he was well on his way to becoming an impoverished one.

"You need money and an education for that job," he says. "You can't save a dime on it. My only real education was in hockey and I began to wonder what I'd do if the time came that I was defeated in my riding."

Rather than wait and see, he decided to retire from politics to take his chances on coaching. He became coach of the Stratford Indians of the OHA senior league where he did so well in one season that the Leafs offered him the job as coach of Toronto's No. 1 farm club, the Pittsburgh Hornets of the American Hockey League. Meeker's team won the championship in his first season as coach there and lost to Cleveland in the seventh game of the playoff final last spring in his second year. He was still seven months away from his thirty-third birthday last spring when he became Leaf coach.

Smythe handed Meeker the job at a moment in Leaf history that had never been darker, at least artistically. The club was continuing to fill Maple Leaf Gardens with patrons, but the team's record had never been worse. Once the most colorful team in the NHL, the Leafs had fallen to a point where last season they were the third poorest drawing card on the road, heading only lackluster Boston and Chicago. They were a full hundred thousand customers behind the eye-filling Montreal Canadiens.

Over the last five seasons the Leafs had not finished better than third in the regular season and had not once made the Stanley Cup playoff finals or indeed even come close. They'd either not made the playoffs at all—four of the six NHL teams qualify each season—or they'd been eliminated in the first round. In eighteen playoff games since the spring of 1951 the Leafs lost sixteen while winning exactly two. In league games over those five years they won only 126 out of 350, losing 143 and tying 81. By contrast Detroit won 189 and Montreal 183.

MACLEAN'S

It was into this cauldron of mediocrity that Smythe tossed the tempestuous Meeker last fall in a general housecleaning that made the Leafs the youngest team in the NHL. Several older players whom Meeker had coached successfully at Pittsburgh were sold out of the organization when an antiquated rink forced Pittsburgh to shut down operations. Some found their way to other NHL clubs and came back to haunt the still floundering and hard-pressed Leafs as the present season wore on. Meeker meanwhile was handed an assortment of rookies from junior ranks and from the Winnipeg farm in the Western Hockey League. Working with what one hockey writer called "those pea-green babies," he got the Leafs off to a brisk start. But by December the roof of inexperience was springing leaks and few observers could see the Leafs finishing better than fifth.

The odds against a better finish seemed long and some cynics were beginning to quote longer odds against Meeker's chances of holding his job. But they were shorter odds at least than the ones Meeker has been bucking most of his adult life.

The fact he became a professional hockey player at all ran against all probability. He was twice blown up overseas, once by an exploding hand grenade that threw him above the level of a twelve-foot concrete wall ("I remember looking over it and thinking how nice the flowers looked on the other side") and put him in hospital for twelve weeks. When army doctors began repairing his shattered left leg they told him he'd be lucky if he ever walked again. But within three months he was walking and within a year he was even being blown up again. As an engineer he was helping to put a bridge across the Rhine at night when his company was pinned down by mortar fire. An exploding shell blew Meeker into the river. He remembers swimming underwater to get out of range until he thought his lungs would burst. When he came to the surface in the darkness he didn't know which side of the river was held by the Allies. He did know which way the river was flowing, however, so he drifted a few moments to figure out the direction of the current. Once he'd determined that he got his bearings and swam to the friendly shore. Meeker's leg bothers him occasionally now. It still contains upward of forty fragments of bakelite that are inexorably working their way out of his hide and the leg has several insensitive areas into which he can plunge a pin without a change of expression.

The odds against his becoming a member of parliament were almost as long as the odds against becoming a hockey player. The incumbent in the traditionally Conservative riding of Waterloo South, a personally popular figure named Karl K. Homuth, had held the seat for a dozen years and it was his death that caused the by-election. He had been returned in the general election of 1949 by the narrow margin of 343 votes over Liberal candidate J. M. Moffatt, a former mayor of Galt. Conservative nominees were so certain that Moffatt would win this time, with Homuth's personal magnetism gone, that none wanted to contest the riding.

Meeker was sought as the Conservative candidate, according to a member of the party's inner circle, "because we wanted a well known young guy to attract young people to the party." Also his name, through hockey, was known in every corner of his home riding—it was therefore not necessary to spend time and money to establish the name of an unknown candidate.

Meeker at first was reluctant to let his name stand because he felt that politicians required a much broader education than he'd had. His one personal political conviction was that the government wasn't treating veterans fairly in housing. He'd wanted to build a home in Stratford for around ten thousand dollars but had given up when he found that the type of home he wanted would cost at least twenty thousand. However, he didn't agree to run until after George Drew and Conn Smythe, himself a Conservative and a bitter opponent of the Liberal government's anti-conscription policy during the war, had urged him to take the nomination. When he did take it he campaigned with unprecedented zeal.

He got up at four o'clock in the morning to visit farmers milking cows or eating breakfast. He arrived at the knitting mills at three o'clock in the morning to talk to men coming off a shift and then waited a couple of hours to get the early shift going in at six. "I was in and out of every store, every store in Galt, Hespeler and New Hamburg," he says. "I talked to people about anything they wanted to talk about, just to let them know I was Howie Meeker, the Conservative candidate. I tried to find out what they expected of an MP."

Once in Galt, he knocked on the door of a house in which two elderly sisters lived. He introduced himself and was invited in.

"We'll talk to you," one of the ladies smiled, "but we'd better warn you that we're confirmed Grits. Our vote is pledged."

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Meeker had tea with them, learned that they went to the food market in Galt every Saturday morning. The following Saturday he took his wife, the former Grace Hammond, to the market and made a point of finding the two sisters. He waited an hour and a half; when he saw them he introduced his wife and they talked about the rising cost of food.

The day of the election the ladies phoned Gordon Chaplin, president of the Conservative association in the riding, and told him they liked "young Mr. Meeker." They wanted to know if there was anything they could do to help him.

"We've hired a taxi to take some of our friends to the polls," a sister said. "We've told them to vote for Mr. Meeker."

Meeker won the June 25 by-election over Grit's ex-mayor Mel Moffatt. More than seventy-one percent of the eligible voters went to the polls and gave Meeker 9,097 votes to Moffatt's 6,544, an all-time high in the riding. At Ottawa he made four speeches. In his maiden speech on Oct. 29 he criticized government policies on veterans' pensions and the cost of living. He spoke in a strong clear voice using few gestures and glancing only occasionally at notes on his desk. He said that if members didn't give attention to an increase in pensions all members "will be charged with turning our backs on the veterans. They're not asking for anything they don't deserve."

"I thought when I came to Ottawa that the National Hockey League had the best pension system in Canada," he said, "but I've changed my mind. I've found that a judge who makes about [illegible] thousand dollars a year can retire on a pension of an equal amount without contributing anything. The government does that for judges while treating veterans as poor relations."

His victory in Waterloo South and the subsequent two years in Ottawa gave Meeker a confidence he'd never known in his life before. Although he played hockey for the Maple Leafs for seven seasons, and was awarded the Calder Memorial Trophy as the league's outstanding rookie in his first season, 1946-47, he never had sufficient confidence in his ability to buy a home in Toronto for his wife and family.

"The one thing Grace wanted was a home," he reflects, "but I was always looking over my shoulder to see if there was some young fireball ready to take my job. We kept the place we had in Stratford."

But when he was sent to Parliament Hill to represent thousands of people he began to evaluate himself in a new light and after two years in Ottawa he had a new philosophy.

"I didn't have much ability as a hockey player so I had to be tough to stick in the NHL," he says. "People laughed at me when I first went into politics—hell, I even laughed at myself at first—but I made the grade there too. The way I look at it now I could be anything I wanted to be in this country. If I wanted to be president of a bank there's nothing in this world to prevent it except Howie Meeker. A man can do anything in Canada that he wants to put his mind to and work at."

A goal a game in penalties

The most graphic illustration of his new-found confidence came the week after he signed as the Leaf coach—he bought a home in Toronto for Grace and their four children.

This is the kind of confidence he's trying to infuse in his hockey players. He keeps urging them to back down from nobody, in keeping with the Smythe maxim, but he also exhorts them to avoid needless penalties. "I don't mind the major penalties for fighting," he says. "In those cases you're taking a player off with you. Then you're not hurting your team. The penalties that kill you are those needless ones where you go off alone for something like tripping or charging or hooking. If you have to take a penalty, do your cause some good."

Last season the Leafs were the most penalized team in the NHL, serving 1,151 minutes in penalties, at least a hundred minutes more than the team served by any one of four other teams, and seventy-four minutes more than their closest rival. In an exhaustive study of last year's penalties Meeker discovered that on an average of four times a game the Leafs played a man short and that every five times that they played a man short the opposition scored a goal. That meant they were giving up almost a goal a game. On each player he compiled a personal record. Tod Sloan, for example, served nine penalties for tripping, five for hooking, four for high-sticking and nine for slashing, a total of fifty-four minutes that he caused the team to play a man short.

"If we can cut that down," Meeker told Sloan at training camp, "you'll be helping yourself because you'll be on the ice longer and you'll be helping fifteen other guys on the club. If you have to take a penalty, make it worth while. Don't let anybody push you around but don't take penalties for nothing."

Sloan had received only one penalty in the Leafs' first ten games this year.

"And that was a beaut," enthuses Meeker. "It was for high-sticking and he gave it to the guy good. For five stitches. Hell, that's wonderful."

Meeker is given to few such outbursts during a game. He paces unemotionally behind the team's bench, staring out at the action in front of him, not even changing expression when the Leafs score a goal. He is a heavy-boned, solidly constructed young man of five-feet-nine and a hundred and sixty-five pounds, and he doesn't look unlike one of the players with his crewcut and a lean, big-boned face. He has the strong shoulders, narrow hips and flat stomach of a trained athlete, his most notable physical characteristic being large feet and hands. He wears a size 11½ pair of brogues and usually grey flannel trousers and a navy-blue blazer when he's coaching. He leans forward from time to time to talk seriously to his players, placing his big hands paternally across their shoulders as they sit on the bench. His eyes are wide and calculating and unmoving.

Meeker doesn't smoke or drink (nor then does Smythe, Day or Clancy, the rest of the Leaf hierarchy) and he has been dedicated to hockey as long as he can remember. His father, Charlie Meeker, a hotel manager, had a rink in the back yard for his five sons at the Meeker home in Kitchener where Howie was born Nov. 24, 1923. Two former NHL players worked for Charlie Meeker in the off season, Ott Heller and Earl Seibert, both ex-defensemen for the New York Rangers, who fanned young Howie's early interest in hockey.

He played in Stratford and in 1943, when he was nineteen, he joined the army there and went overseas. After he'd been blown up a second time he learned that Conn Smythe, an artillery major, had been wounded at Caen. He went to see him in hospital because he knew the Leafs had placed him on their negotiation list while he was still at Stratford. Smythe advised him to come and see him when they both got home.

Meeker returned on New Year's Day 1945 and finished that hockey season with the Stratford seniors. He also went back to high school to get his senior matriculation; he'd decided he'd never be a big-league hockey player and wanted to qualify for a physical-education course at the University of Michigan.

Unknown to him though, Smythe had scouted him at Stratford and apparently thought more highly of his ability than Meeker himself did. Actually Smythe was impressed by another quality altogether. "He had the guts of a burglar," says Smythe. "The little son of a gun shouldn't even have been skating."

Often injured in his career with the Leafs, Meeker was in Wellesley Hospital in Toronto when he decided to leave politics. He figured a dislocated vertebra had ended his playing career and he decided that he himself would end his political career. But he also pointed out to his wife that if he became a hockey coach he might be hopping all over the country on his way to the big leagues and, more important, he might never get to the big leagues.

"Let's go," said Grace. "Only some day somewhere I'd like a home of my own."

At that, she and their four children, Jann, who is nine, Peggy, who is five, Kim, who is three, and Howie, who is a year, came perilously close to an accident that might have prevented them from getting it.

They were at a hunting lodge that Howie has been operating for three years near Armstrong in northwestern Ontario when they heard their dog barking one dark night. Their children were asleep in a log-walled tent next their cottage and Meeker went out to investigate the barking. Near the tent he saw a huge dark shape and when he flashed a light on it he saw it was a bear. It reared up when the light hit its eyes and it began pawing the air and snarling.

Meeker hurried to the cottage.

"It's a bear," he told Grace. "It's right by the tent. What the hell do we do now?"

He had a .270 Winchester rifle which a friend, Joe (Deep) Handley, a former Toronto baseball player, had given him and which he had never fired. He took it, gave Grace the flashlight and told her to stand behind him and shine the light down the gun barrel so that he could look down the sights.

But Grace shone the light directly on the bear so that he couldn't find the sight. The bear charged.

"I started to tell Grace to get in the house," Meeker grins in the safety of recollection, "but just as I said 'Get' I heard the screen door slam."

He raced for the house, too, and this time he taped a two-cell flashlight to the gun barrel and snapped on the light.

He went out again and saw the bear fifty feet away. The flashlight lit up the gun sights and Grace shone another beam on the bear. It charged again. Meeker fired once and drilled the bear through the head.

Was he nervous?

"Nervous?" laughs Meeker. "I was as scared as hell. But it's like I say, there's nothing you can't do in this country if you put your mind to it and work at it."

It was precisely the kind of retort his employer would have given. ★

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For the sake of argument continued from page 4

"We're made social outcasts if we don't support the United Fund"

would disapprove if you knew what they were doing). I am opposed to taxation by social pressures or economic pressure. I am especially opposed to taxation without representation.

Let me say here that the apportionment of funds has been fair up to date. But as time goes on it is not inconceivable that some organizations, especially the smaller ones, will get less than they should. There will also be a tendency on the part of the fund to dictate conformity to its preconceived principles of social behavior. I am suggesting that the United Fund will develop rigidity. A new agency working on new sociological theories will have difficulty in obtaining any funds or even in gaining community recognition. A few timid sociologists and social workers have already expressed this fear, that the sociological methods of 1960 will be barred from practice by the vested agencies of the United Fund.

I should like to come back now to the fund raising methods to examine the prestige structure supported by the United Funds. The United Funds of course are not unique in this aspect of money raising. Virtually all fund raising campaigns for benevolent purposes are based on the good old Canadian assumption (here we even excel the Americans) that the public is comprised largely of dollar-worshiping sheep. So if you get the men with money and the companies with money to give first, all else will be added unto you. Hence the newspapers print names and photos of wealthy donors with the amounts they give. There is always a photo of the head of a department store shaking hands with a happy employee over the caption "Department Store Gives $75,000." We are never told the incomes of the wealthy men or the profits of the big business so that we can compare the measure of the gift with our own because we do not dare make a laughing stock of money and success. After the big money is tapped we go after executives. Executive is a flattering term for a non-union employee who earns six thousand dollars or more per year.

After we have tapped the big money and the executives and taxed labor and white-collar workers, we get down to the bottom of the prestige ladder and canvass the housewives. (I am confused about my own status. I earn more than six thousand dollars but I was canvassed with the housewives.)

This pattern is a shocking revelation of the values we hold important. It shows that we are a crass society dedicated to the worship of money and success. We cannot blame the fund raisers for the method they use; we can only blame ourselves. But isn't it a pity that we do not give for love's sake but only for favor's sake? This caste attitude runs so deep in our society that it will take more than a change in fund raising methods to correct the evil. But it saddens me to think that we cannot even give to help the unfortunate among us without placing caste and prestige first.

This whole approach to giving also reveals a trend toward conformity that runs very deep in our life. We worry about the Communists and rightly so. But few of us are concerned with the drives toward conformity in our own country. Our clothing, our cars and our homes are standardized. We are tending toward the one-party system in politics. Religious conformity is growing apace. And now even our charity is being regimented. We are made social outcasts if we do not support the United Fund. In Kansas a successful insurance man was forced out of business because he refused to conform. In Toronto school children were told by their superiors that they must buy tickets to a United Appeal football game. One of my parishioners threatened to leave the Church after I preached a sermon on this subject.

And if we do support the United Fund we are compelled to support agencies we do not believe in. Protestants are compelled to support Catholic, Catholics to support Jewish, and Jewish the rest of us. This would be all right if these denominational agencies were strictly service and charitable organizations, but with most of them religious teaching and practice and dogmatic propaganda are tied in with charitable work.

One of my pacifist friends is opposed to the Boy Scouts because he thinks it a militaristic organization. Yet if he gives a United Fund contribution he willy-nilly supports this organization. Why can't we be free to make our own choices in at least one small area of life?

It is to the everlasting credit of the Salvation Army and a few other organizations that they chose in the face of strong criticism to stay out of United Funds. They want their gifts made on a voluntary basis. They want their donors to be informed of the nature of the work being done. They believe that the gift without the giver is bare; they want the heart to go with the pocketbook.

But I can hear a chorus of voices saying: "These agencies and organizations cannot raise sufficient funds in any other way." This is not entirely true. Some organizations like the Red Cross were coaxed into this scheme for the very reason that they have done very well at raising money. For the others I have a solution.

Health and welfare organizations, including hospital groups, Big Brothers, Children's Aids, family agencies and others should get their funds from taxes. These are not charities; they are community necessities. And we all know that they are. Who would deny help to the ill and stricken? Who would deny care to the unmarried mother and her child? Who is not convinced of the need to solve the problems of delinquency? Let us have the courage then to have these public institutions supported by taxation—taxation in which we have a voice and vote. If we do this the cost will be less and bureaucracy reduced.

For the other organizations that fall into the categories of charity and noble uplift I say let them ask for their own funds. If you will, let them compete for the public's dollar. It baffles me that the champions of free enterprise and competition in the market place are the very people who fear competition in this field. Let these organizations tell their stories and prove their value. If some of them fail then it's because they are not wanted or because they are unworthy. And what's wrong with that?

Only such an approach to the problems of Community Chest and United Fund can maintain personal integrity and public democracy. ★

JASPER by Simpkins

"I bet they often wonder what become of these during the Grey Cup game"

This *Portuguese* tuna trap is no place for a landlubber

1 "Hand-to-hand combat with a tuna takes daring, but it's routine for Portugal's *pescadores*," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "I helped a crew off Algarve last month. As we pulled in our net, I saw the [illegible] Atlantic [illegible] boats [illegible] with fish. Suddenly a fisherman jumped right into gaff a big one. [illegible] Who wants to tangle with 300 frenzied tuna?"

2 "I discovered what chances that fisherman had taken when we'd hauled the net aboard and found gaping rips in the mesh-lined trap. They proved the power of the tuna's lashing tails.

3 "Here's our insurance policy," the fishing captain said as we waited to sell our catch. He pointed to an eye painted at the prow of our 40-foot open boat. To the Portuguese who match these heavies against the sea, that eye is a safeguard against danger.

4 "My own prize catch was the hospitality of the captain in treating me to Canadian Club at a seaside tavern in Cascais. Here in this little town near Lisbon, Canadian Club is a favourite, as it is wherever I travel."

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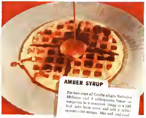

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Sir John: "Indeed I do! India Pale Ale he calls it but there is, thank heaven, nothing pale about its flavour."

Hon. Gent: "Hearty, robust, a man's drink for a man's occasion. I concur, my dear Sir John. Allow me to refill your glass. I perceive the speeches will begin again!"

MR. LABATT BEGAN BREWING "A MAN'S ALE" IN 1828

Your amiable cousin, the sea gull

Continued from page 24

"When a girl gull sees her paramour parting with food she knows it can't be anything except love"

to health in the local lockup on a diet of bread and butter. When released as healed it returned the following week and was again picked up in what looked like a wounded condition. Again came the bread-and-butter treatment and again the release. When the bird returned a third time police got fed up and offered it nothing but plain bread. The gull was not seen again.

Ernest Thompson Seton, the writer and naturalist, reported in 1908 that around Great Slave Lake "Herring gulls will pursue wounded game and often follow the hunter to share in the game." He doubted the belief widely held in the area that the gulls trailed only the *good* hunters but confessed that each time he set out with his gun he kept glancing over his shoulder to see how he rated with "the white rascals."

All gulls are long winged with splayed web feet. They can be distinguished from their nearest relatives the terns, by their size, their square tails and their bills, which are hooked downward at the tip. Tern bills are pointed, and only one kind—the Caspian tern—is as large as an average gull. Gannets, though associated in some people's minds with gulls, are no relation.

The few people who do study gulls often become quite maudlin about them. The American sage Oliver Wendell Holmes would sit and watch them for hours and considered a gull on the water a beautiful sight, "high floating like a sloop unladen." One of the finest documentary films ever made, The Great Adventure by the Swedish cinematographer Arne Sucksdorff, has a sequence on gulls produced as a labor of love. Nicholas Tinbergen, the Dutch bird expert, admits frankly that he loves the Herring gull above all birds. He tells of seeing one fly off with a guillemot's egg and then being forced to drop it by another Herring gull which then "stalled and with a rapid manoeuvre seized the egg by its pointed end as it fell without breaking it and went away to eat it in peace. The whole action took place in a vertical distance of about fifty feet."

For years, bird people wrangled over whether the gull's effortless forward motion almost in the teeth of strong winds was due to then-hidden physical laws or to some supernatural power. Even today, with fast cameras to record the slight changes of wing declivity in what appears to be flapless flight, there is disagreement on how this remarkable feat is accomplished.

Most gulls reach adult size within six weeks or so of hatching but do not attain adult plumage for three years or more. Young gulls of both sexes are usually grey, brown or mottled, and they molt twice a year. Even when they are adult, however, it is hard to tell the sexes apart. Male gulls often start the elaborate courting procedure before noticing by the reception they get that they are addressing another male. Characteristically, courting in many species of gulls includes the male feeding his lady love like a baby. When a girl gull sees her paramour part with food she *knows* it must be love.

Incidentally, there is little connection between "gull" and "gullible" though a gullible person, like a gull, will swallow almost anything.

Of the sixty different gulls only about twenty five are North American, and only nine are seen by the average Canadian. These may be divided roughly into two groups, six with white heads and three with black heads, all with other distinctions of course. The White Heads are all big birds ranging from the Great Black Back, the Herring gull and the Glaucous-winged gull, down past the California to the Ring-Billed and Short-Billed gulls. The smaller Black Heads are Bonaparte's, Franklin's and the Laughing gull.

The Great Black Back, as distinguished from his European cousin the Lesser Black Back, has been a favorite bird around Yarmouth, N.S., ever since his huge eagle-like silhouette used to herald the return of one of the town's far-ranging three-masters.

The commonest gull of all, the one most Canadians see, is the Herring gull, *Larus argentatus*. A big jaunty dude with snowy head and chest, pearl-grey back, white tail, bright yellow bill and pink feet, he has a voice that may sound like anything from a cow's lowing to the snarl of a wet cat. His specific yodels of alarm, attraction and amour, however, are models of avian eloquence.

The Herring gull acts like a bright bird or a moron with equal aplomb. On Isle Royale in Lake Superior, ornithologist F. S. Dagnall found four typical nests, with the normal three-egg clutch in each, on a tiny ledge of ice formed by a dashing wave. The next day the sun melted the ice and two of the nests fell into the lake.

National Film Board cameraman Ron Alexander, on location near Digby, N.S., watched a Herring gull dropping clams on shore to break them. He would drop them from about fifty feet, diving down each time to see if they had opened. "It seemed a pretty smart trick for a bird," relates Alexander, "till I realized he couldn't tell the difference between rock and grass. He dropped one clam twelve times before it landed on a rock and broke."

It was a mother Herring gull whose reactions to certain experiments by Professor G. P. Baerends of the University of Groningen in the Netherlands, startled the International Congress of Psychology in Montreal three years ago. According to Baerends, this Herring gull chose a well-spotted wooden egg twenty times normal size to incubate in preference to a lightly spotted real Herring gull egg. This did not happen once but often, the bird seemingly oblivious of the ridiculous picture it made perched high on this caricature of an egg. When a small square wooden egg was placed near the nest the bird tried to sit on it and the big wooden one at the same time!

Psychologists concluded that when a Herring gull feels in a brooding mood it will sit on anything. They did not feel prepared to draw a human parallel to this.

But, like humans, the Herring gull has been responsible for some large-scale colonization in this country.

The largest colony is on Kent Island in the Bay of Fundy, but he also breeds on islands in Lake Ontario and many other places. His home is any stretch of open water, which he has an uncanny knack of finding. In 1911 hot water from Cobalt's silver mines melted Cobalt Lake weeks ahead of any other in the Ontario northland. An early bird watcher, Arthur Cole, reported that "the lake opened on March 31 and within twenty four hours two Herring gulls were seen floating on it."

A memorial to gluttony

But the gull's resourcefulness in getting there first for dinner and rarely being the last to leave is often his undoing and largely accounts for the birds' high mortality rate. Studies made in 1947 on Herring gulls show that forty percent survive the perils of their first year, twenty five percent live two years but only one percent live ten years. Old age isn't the killer—a pair of Herring gulls in a Hamburg zoo lived almost fifty years. Nor is man the culprit since gulls are protected by law; killing a gull or stealing its eggs can bring a fine of three hundred dollars or six months in jail, although licenses may be obtained to hunt them in special areas where the gulls may prove a nuisance. The gull's big enemy is his appetite, it seems. He's so preoccupied with eating and gorges himself so thoroughly that he doesn't notice or doesn't care if an enemy's around. And so he's a soft touch to larger predators including other hungrier gulls.

His appetite, however, has often endeared him to man, and in fact resulted in the California gull being made the state bird of Utah. He is honored in Salt Lake City by a fifteen-foot monument erected "in remembrance of the work of the California gull at a critical time in the community's history." The incident thus immortalized took place near the Wasatch Mountains in 1848, when the Mormon pioneers, after a terrible winter in which they were reduced to eating thistles and tree bark, toiled to plant a new crop. Hardly had the green sprouted than a plague of grasshoppers—the locust hordes of Biblical tale—swept down over the fields.

The desperate colonists burned, crushed and flailed at the insects but to little avail. Those too weak to fight prayed. And suddenly their prayers were answered. Out of the west came thousands of California gulls filling the air with

Who is it?

A promising violinist who won fame only after giving up both instrument and name. Turn to page 37 to see who this child grew up to be.

let's have another slice....

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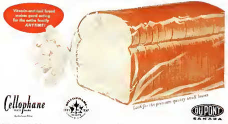

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their wings and their raucous hungry cries.

"The thankful people left the fields to the white angels," runs an eye-witness account, "and in the morning found great piles of dead grasshoppers eaten and disgorged. The gulls kept up the good work till the scourge was past and they became tame as poultry."

California gulls halted a plague of field mice in Nevada in 1908 and a similar epidemic in southern Saskatchewan the following year.

The Ring-Bill, mostly picked out by the black band around his yellow bill, was "the common gull" to James Audubon when he visited Grand Manan, an island in the Bay of Fundy in the 1820s. Ring-Bills could not withstand the poachers who killed them for their meat, their eggs or their feathers which were used to adorn women's hats. Now the Ring-Bills' haunts are around Lake Winnipeg and other prairie lakes and they are the unpaid garbagemen for many a prairie town. The Short-Bill, smallest of the white heads, sticks pretty well to northern prairie lakes in summer where there is less chance of battling a Herring gull for every mouthful of food. He winters on the west coast.

The three Black Heads are quite different from each other. The largest is the Laughing gull, a rowdy with white-rimmed eye and a raucous laugh, found mostly on the Atlantic coast. At nesting time, however, he blushes pink as any maiden. His favorite sport is to stand on a pelican's head and badger the slower-witted one to open his mouth. Then, with a hoarse mocking screech, he's in and out of the capacious bill in a flash, usually with the pelican's dinner.

Franklin's gull, or "the prairie pigeon," is the nomad of the tribe and nests all over the prairie. Small, with an unmistakable warm rosy breast all summer, this bird is noted for the care it takes of its young. A Franklin mother will feed and shelter all the young in her area whether they want it or not. Franklins can often be seen following the prairie farmer's plow, feasting on the grubs and worms he turns up.

The name Bonaparte's gull (*le goéland de Bonaparte*) was given this tiny bird with the white triangle on his wing by French Canadians in whose northern spruces many of them nest. The Bonaparte they honored however was not Napoleon but his gracious relative, Charles Lucien Bonaparte, a naturalist who lived in Philadelphia in the 1830s and often visited Quebec. Found in winter in Vancouver as well as the Great Lakes, these gulls have been seen recently on the upper Fraser River feeding on dead salmon.

We seldom see many others in the gull family for they spend their time foraging in the Arctic. One of these, the Ivory gull, is so snowy white and neat that he looks like an angel. But like a highly scrubbed small boy reaching a party just in time for the cake, he will zoom up to a dead whale and in a few seconds of frantic noisy gluttony his saintly raiment will be a smeared ruin. Other Arctic gulls are the huge Glaucous or Burgomaster, the rare Ross (or Rosy) gull and the sea-ranging Kittiwakes.

Andrew Macpherson, of Ottawa, a student at McGill, has spent the last two summers in the far north on grants from the National Research Council and the Arctic Institute studying several Arctic gulls. Besides observing their habits and banding those he could reach, Macpherson had government permission to shoot others to take their measurements. If this were done early in the short season the remaining gull of a pair might mate again, but if nesting were well advanced and another clutch of eggs could not possibly hatch young in time for them to be flying before snow fell the remaining gull would usually just leave.

In civilized areas the gulls' human neighbors are often glad to see them go although no one doubts their value as scavengers nor that they help fishermen locate schools of fish. But many claim they also harm crops and other birds and are a menace to air lanes. In the Maritimes they often eat fish in the nets before fishermen can retrieve the catch. In the United States there were 473 bird-plane collisions in one four-year period, one resulting in three deaths. Most of them involved gulls.

U. S. air authorities have tried several methods to keep gulls away from airports. One stunt at Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn was to tape-record a gull's cry of alarm and blast it at the birds. That worked fine if reception was good but with the slightest distortion in the recording not a bird stirred. A similar experiment at Dorval in Montreal left the gulls cold but drove nearby residents crazy.

The British Air Ministry has tried various means of ridding airfields of gulls but all have led to galling failures. Scarecrows, poison and shotguns bothered the birds only momentarily. Fearsome kites left them cold and even high-frequency sirens were of little use. Finally the ministry unveiled its secret weapon—falcons. These caused havoc for a time among the gull population. Then to the dismay of the air ministry all the falcons were shot down by bird fanciers. "Can't have them beasts around scaring my pigeons," said one proud marksman.

The ministry capitulated, suggested windshields on aircraft thick enough to repel even a Black Back at top speed.

Other efforts to curb the wayward gull seem to backfire as well. For example at the request of four New England states Professor Alfred O. Gross of Bowdoin College, Maine, tried to find a method of keeping Herring gulls from breeding too rapidly. From 1934 to 1938 U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service experts punched holes in gull eggs along the New England coast. The punctured eggs went bad, however, or the gulls just ate them and laid three more. So between 1938 and 1951 Bowdoin students sprayed 1,017,798 eggs with an oil-formalin mixture that keeps eggs from hatching. Mother Herring gulls often sat on these eggs from spring till fall, never suspecting that the fault was not their own.

Evidence now has indicated however that in spite of a million lost eggs New England's Herring-gull ranks are not noticeably depleted. The young hatched from unsprayed eggs evidently had so little competition for food that a high percentage survived.

This outcome would hardly please Hollywood director John Huston who had to scrap miles of color film because of gulls during the shooting of Moby Dick.

The location was the Irish Sea off the Irish fishing village of Youghal. Huston needed gulls for a scene depicting the whaler Pequod leaving port. He ordered prop men to toss bread overboard and was pleased with the way gulls appeared for the feast. Later however when he needed other shots showing the Pequod far at sea where presumably there were no gulls, they refused to leave. In desperation, as fine weather waned and money ran down the drain, Huston broke out air guns, smoke bombs and noise makers—but to no avail. He finally rewrote the scene to allow gulls far at sea.

This is no error, because gulls trailed Columbus and later the Spanish Armada. Did they suspect that the dispensers of largesse aboard those unwieldy vessels might themselves become the *pièce de résistance?*

ANSWER

to Who is It? on page 34

Gisèle LaFlèche who wanted to be a concert violinist in Canada but became one of North America's top popular singers as Gisèle MacKenzie

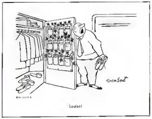
Like Huston the operators of Golden Gate racetrack in San Francisco hope never to see another gull. For a time in 1948 when three thousand gulls lined the rails every day the operators *found* them a crowd-catching novelty. But the gulls became temperamental. When the race started and the crowd shouted "They're off!" the gulls as well as the horses took off—all three thousand of them.

The effect on the horses was pitiful. They bolted or threw their riders, rearing in panic. The usual methods of scaring birds were tried but nothing worked till the owners got permission to shoot ten of them and hang them on stakes as a warning. For some reason, perhaps owing to their own deafening cries of alarm, this did the trick and the gulls went away.

Actually though a few may frown at him the gull is nobody's enemy. And though he is rowdy and raucous, a gashouse ganger in a Park Avenue getup, a funny fellow ever ready for a serious eating session, he is nobody's real friend. A gull is a gull and that is saying the worst and the best about him.

What the gull thinks of man, that other kind of biped in his bailiwick, is hard to say. Probably he thinks man a fine fellow, setting up those lovely free lunch counters called garbage dumps on the edge of towns, building lighthouses so he can admire himself in the glare. But the only time he speaks for publication is when you molest him or remove his lunch.

At such times the opinion of the human race expressed by that big bird in the white suit is likely to be unfit for human ears. ★



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Gretta Graffin's journey back to the Middle Ages

continued from page 13

With a third-class ticket and a dream she began her pilgrimage

again, Gretta thought of a pilgrimage. She had often dreamed of visiting the Vatican, perhaps a few shrines, then teaching in Europe. She had less than three hundred dollars put away but knew she'd never save more ("I always fall for those 'buy now, pay later' plans").

On impulse she bought a $220 third-class ticket to Italy on the Vulcania. Her father disapproved (and still does). Her mother was teaching in northern Manitoba (she has been a teacher for twenty years). Gretta packed a change of clothing, her prayer book and a few toilet articles in a shopping bag and boarded a bus for New York. There, deciding a lone shopping bag would cause undue attention at customs, she bought a $2.98

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cardboard suitcase, then boarded ship.

On the Vulcania she abandoned her teaching plans and decided on a pilgrimage after talks with Father Rosario Caruana, a Maltese priest. She decided to eat nothing but bread and water while on her wanderings, not because this was required of a pilgrim, but because she reasoned even the humblest homes at which she would call would always have bread. In preparation for what was ahead Gretta began her bread and water fast immediately. On her arrival at Naples she spent most of her remaining cash on a train ticket to Rome.

There the Sisters of Providence convent fed and sheltered her without charge. This became her home whenever she was in Rome. It was two minutes walk from St. Peter's, the world's largest basilica, where Gretta attended Mass.

"I loved St. Peter's," she says. "If I were ever on the verge of a nervous breakdown I'd go there. I was absolutely relaxed there."

One day she attended a mass audience at Pope Pius' country residence thirty miles outside of Rome. She roamed among ancient churches and shrines, venerating the homes, belongings or relics of saints. These were her happiest moments. Now, after studying about saints all her life, she was actually following the paths they trod.

Then one fiercely hot August morning she gave away her spare clothing and the suitcase to the Sisters (she refused to be burdened with unnecessary belongings) and set out for the shrine of St. Francis of Assisi, a hundred and seven miles northeast up the Tiber valley.

On Rome's outskirts she gave her last twenty dollars to the first needy person she met—an emaciated gypsy woman carrying a baby. Now she was truly a pilgrim in the ancient sense. She wore a blouse, a dirndl skirt and low-heeled shoes. She carried a sweater for chilly nights, a handbag (which she soon gave away), a rosary and a passport pinned to a picture of *Madonna della Strada* (Our Lady of Travel).

She also carried documents, one in French and one in Italian, from her parish priests in Winnipeg, proclaiming that "Miss Margarita Gretter, schoolmistress of this parish, enjoys a good reputation. We know of no occasion on which she was the cause of a scandal or any other difficulty." After a glance at these, priests and nuns gave her food, shelter or a few coins without question.

The papers also helped—but didn't solve—the language problem. Gretta set out with two words of Italian—*pane* (bread) and *aqua* (water) — and soon learned *pellegrino* (pilgrim) and *camera* (bedchamber). A nun nicknamed her Signorina Aqua Pane and it stuck. Gradually she acquired a passable Italian vocabulary.

Gretta's long, swinging stride covered about forty kilometres (twenty five miles) a day. Often she prayed as she walked, oblivious to the world around her. She spent the first two nights in convents, but on the third night she couldn't find a bed. A priest discovered her sitting on a ladder, forlorn and sleepy.

"*Pellegrina. Pane? Aqua? Camera?*" she asked hopefully. Without ever glancing at her character references the priest led her to a home where the family just as readily took her in and offered wine, cheese and soup, which she refused, settling instead for bread and water, the simple fare she had vowed to live on during her pilgrimage.

"I've got news for you"

The next night she reached Assisi, home of St. Francis, who gave up wealth in his youth, adopted extreme poverty and preached peace so earnestly that he was canonized in 1228, two years after his death. Now seven hundred years later Gretta felt his peaceful spirit still in Assisi's quiet streets. She prayed over his tomb, saw the tattered robe said to be his and glanced at her own rumpled clothes, thinking, "How delighted he'd have been with me!"

She plodded back to Rome, rested with the Sisters of Providence and turned south. At first, since southern towns were scattered, she hitchhiked to avoid being stranded outdoors at night. But priests warned against it and she soon learned that women hitchhikers are courting trouble on the Continent. Once a motorcyclist offered her a lift, then refused to let her off. She jumped off, split her forehead and had to have stitches. She walked from then on.

She learned also to read the sun like a clock. On cloudy days she asked the time and begged drinks of water in bars, waving off the inevitable glasses of wine.

She was bolstered by her sense of humor and communion with the saints. She relied on St. Patrick to protect her from danger on the road. If she dozed in church after a long walk she salved her conscience by remembering that St. Teresa of Avila had the same unfortunate habit four hundred years ago.

In rainstorms she kept up her morale by telling St. Francis (who regarded a walk in the rain as "perfect joy"): "I've got news for you. This isn't perfect joy." In northern Italy it became increasingly difficult to find public lavatories. Finally she said to St. Lorenzo, a much-traveled saint of the sixteenth century, "I'll put you in charge of bathrooms for this trip." She adds with a twinkle, "I had no trouble finding bathrooms from then on."

But most of this was still ahead of her as she trudged south from Rome after Assisi. The cool September mornings and yellowing leaves reminded her of Manitoba and school terms. She thought of Canada again at Cassino, where some Canadian army fortifications remain from World War II and monks were rebuilding the bomb-shattered monastery of Monte Cassino.

At Benevento a crowd of mischievous children hooted at her back. A bold one slapped her and the schoolteacher in her rebelled.

"I chased him home," Gretta says. "His mother charged out of the house, picked off a shoe and shook it at me. I was ready to take her on too, but the child was crying. He'd learned his lesson."

She quickly forgot Benevento's curious welcome a few mornings later at S. Giovanni Rotondo, where in a little church crowded with rosy parishioners she received communion from Padre Pio, a vigorous man of nearly seventy with mittens covering the wounds on his hands. Like many saints and a few living persons he has the stigmata, open wounds similar to those suffered by Christ on the Cross. Unlike most other stigmatics, however, Padre Pio bleeds daily, his hands and feet frequently, not only on Good Fridays.

Gretta continued on, southwest into the toe of the Italian "boot." At Reggio di Calabria a priest gave her ferry passage to Sicily. From Messina she walked through endless villages and golden orange groves to Syracuse and Our Lady of Tears, a small replica Madonna that a few years ago, it is said, wept drops of moisture having the same chemical content as human tears.

Four weeks later she plodded into Rome, ragged shoes held together with bits of string and wire, feet calloused and aching. It was Oct. 18. At the Sisters of Providence convent she glanced in a mirror and stared at the sight of her shrunken face, skinny arms and gaunt body. (Gretta's normal weight is a hundred pounds, but at times during her pilgrimage she weighed as little as eighty.) Only her legs looked normal—and her shoes spoiled that.

Nobody could give her size-four shoes, not even the Canadian embassy. Gretta thought of starting out barefoot but decided that was too melodramatic. At last the nuns found her a thick flannel skirt and a pair of size-nine shoes. As soon as the Sisters' backs were turned Gretta hacked off the oversize toes and shuffled clownlike out of Rome.

Her fortunes rose and fell by turns. A few kilometres north a priest gave her a pair of boy's boots, size four. But at Siena, where someone gave her a bag of ripe wheat instead of bread, she overate and was sick all next day.

At Florence an old lady gave her a long, woolen scarf which Gretta turned into a petticoat one cold night when she slept in a barn. But she still had no raincoat and often cold mountain rains drenched her. She was thoroughly miserable when she reached Padua near Venice in early November. But almost miraculously Padua solved her problems.

In the great basilica she prayed over the bones of St. Anthony, patron saint of bread—a most important saint on her pilgrimage. Then she asked the priests for food and shelter. At that moment Paolo, a tall blond youth of seventeen, entered the sacristy. The priests beckoned him. In an instant he grasped the situation.

"He was still a schoolboy, immature in many ways," says Gretta, "but I shall always remember that kind, gentle boy. He found me a big bag of bread rolls—all shapes and sizes—and warm sweaters and gloves. He guided me to other shrines and took me to his home for supper."

Then Paolo led her to a boardinghouse where a plump motherly woman gave her a free room and a pair of fur-lined boots.

The boots served Gretta well in Milan, where she walked five hours before finding a free bed, and in Turin, where snow swept down from the Alps. But she scarcely noticed Turin's weather as she sought out St. John Baptist's cathedral and the Chapel of the Holy Shroud.

The shroud is a yellowing strip of linen fourteen by three feet, bearing vague imprints of a human body with blood stains from wounds in hands, feet, side and brow. Some medical doctors, chemists, theologians and intellectuals of many faiths believe this is the burial sheet of Christ.

Between public expositions held about every thirty years, the shroud is sealed in a silver urn behind glass. As Gretta touched her rosary to the glass and thought of the Crucifixion, she says a deep, unbearable sadness came over her. She stole from the chapel forcing herself to think of the Resurrection. Gradually everything seemed right again. But often, as she visited shrines, the same overpowering emotion blinded her to the world around her.

She walked south through Genoa and Indian summer and at a convent exchanged her boots and flannel skirt for

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cotton skirt and blouse. On Dec. 4 she entered France. No delay at customs: she had nothing to declare. She hurried through Monaco, giving only a passing glance to Monte Carlo and never a thought to Grace Kelly.

By Christmas she was trudging north from Marseilles. On Dec. 23 she walked all night without finding a bed. On Christmas Eve she slept in a room off a church at Arles, with bread from the priest as a Christmas gift.

On Christmas Day she hiked to a hamlet near Nîmes, where a festival was on with merry-go-rounds, music and pageants. A priest gave her a few francs for lodgings but every bed was taken. She bought a long French loaf, walked two kilometers to the nearest haystack and celebrated Christmas by eating out."

"Then, huddled in a green wool shortie-coat, a recent gift from a priest, she burrowed into the stack, slept fitfully until the church bells rang, walked back for Mass and received Communion.

By January 1 was in Toulouse. "Gretta recalls: "What a find Toulouse is for a pilgrim—relics of the Apostle St. James and the philosopher St. Thomas Aquinas, a fragment of the True Cross and many, many more."

It was well worth sleeping in a public dormitory, a bare sheetless place reserved for destitute people, or as she did one day eating her bread and water in a hen coop. Once she curled up in a railway station but officials shooed her out. In Toulon she slept in a hospital.

Another night a French priest let her sleep in a small-town theatre where a rehearsal was in progress. She watched for a while and told the priest: "That male lead is too dramatic. And some of the others need pepping up." He gravely promised to relay her criticism to the cast. Then she fell asleep on a bench while rehearsal dragged on.

In mid-January she reached Lourdes, at the foot of the Pyrenees near Spain. As she entered the city of St. Bernadette she began to cry uncontrollably, partly from fatigue, partly from nervous excitement at finally reaching this famous shrine. Here ninety-eight years ago the child Bernadette Soubirous—subject of the film The Song of Bernadette—claimed she witnessed a series of visions and saw a fountain miraculously spring from the rocks. Hundreds of sick pilgrims have since bathed in its waters and claimed cures. Gretta spent four days at Lourdes, praying where Bernadette knelt and dipping her rosary in the fountain.

On Jan. 29 she entered Spain. Fierce winds and snow howled through Europe. The Pyrenees broke the wind and kept her from freezing, but she was miserably cold in her latest hand-me-down outfit: cuban-heeled shoes (which collected ice and sent her slithering down hills), a thin skirt, two sweaters, a kerchief, an umbrella and a "raincoat"—a piece of plastic with a hole for her head. She had fleas too. But she couldn't help giggling. "Hope I don't meet anyone from Winnipeg now!"

It grew colder. At Andoain, about twenty-three miles from the border, she was too weak to continue. The Sisters of Charity put her to bed in their convent and Father Don José, the local priest, said, "You must not go on." Gretta gladly obeyed; in fact she had no choice.

For days she hauled herself out of bed with a walking stick, hobbled to Mass but was too stiff to kneel. Since she was obviously grounded for weeks and unable to earn her keep she wired home for money. Meanwhile, for nine days she continued to fast. But one day when she asked for confession Father Don José said sternly, "If you do not eat like the rest of us I will not hear your confession."

"So I began to eat after six months," Gretta says. "And I really fell off the wagon."

She begged for second helpings but the nuns wisely rationed her in deference to her weak stomach. She consoled herself by scraping out other bowls when everyone left the table. Once the cat tried to join in; she chased it from the room.

In a week her appetite was back to normal. In a month she could walk, but only haltingly. Accordingly, she adopted a more conventional pilgrimage. With eighty dollars from home she traveled by train, plane and boat to Dublin via shrines in Paris and England. At Dublin fifteen dollars and some clothing reached her from Manitoba.

She worked for two months as a waitress in a Catholic home for orphans and the aged, visited several Irish shrines, then spent her savings on a passage to Fatima, Portugal, north of Lisbon—a shrine now as famous as Lourdes.

There, in 1917, the Virgin Mary is said to have revealed herself on seven occasions to three peasant children, predicting the end of World War I, the coming of World War II and predicting also that only the conversion of Russia (just then turning to Communism) could save the world from disaster. During the seventh vision seventy thousand people, including some skeptical newspapermen, assembled on a plain and reported that the sun turned pale, emitted brilliant colored rays, appeared to spin three times and seemingly plunged toward the earth.

Gretta reached Fatima one evening but this time, even before visiting the shrine, was rendered helpless with emotion. For a time she couldn't speak, then only in garbled Spanish and French. A priest found her a room. In the morning she visited the shrine, lit a candle to the statue of Our Lady of Fatima and returned immediately to her room.

When she had sorted out her thoughts she wired her parents for return passage money. It had been a rich but strenuous year. Now it seemed she could bear no more. She had achieved her goals. It was time to go home.

Today Gretta still loves to walk and often hikes the two miles to Holy Cross School in St. Vital, Man. But apart from feeling "stronger and better" she has virtually forgotten the pilgrimage. Occasionally she shows her thirty-seven pupils a memento of the journey—perhaps a colored print of the Virgin or a medallion blessed by the Pope. Otherwise she doesn't talk about it and her pupils rarely ask about it.

"They're Roman Catholics," she says. "They know thousands of Catholics go to shrines and thousands more face just as many difficulties of a different kind in their daily lives as I did. They wouldn't listen five minutes if I traced my route on a map and told them of my hardships. They'd probably just tell me to go back to Europe and start walking again." ★

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Blair Fraser reports from Cairo

Continued from page 19

Supervision Organization in Palestine.

It is also typical of Burns that he didn't rub in the moral of his little anecdote. He didn't actually say "I told you so." This talent for leaving judgments unspoken, sticking to the facts and letting them speak for themselves, is one of the qualities that have kept him longer than anybody else in the delicate job of supervising the truce between Israel and her Arab neighbors.

It would be wrong to say he is liked by both sides. Nobody who intervenes in that rancorous quarrel is liked by both sides—not for long. Six months ago Jordan was calling publicly for Burns' dismissal and trying to get Egypt to second the motion. The Israelis did not attack him personally but they kept suggesting, pointedly, that UN truce supervision was a worthless and impertinent intrusion and that the UN should go home and mind its own business.

Nevertheless, when Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold appointed Burns commander of the new United Nations police force, Egypt and Israel seemed equally pleased. Israel wasn't happy about having the UN force at all, but accepted Burns as the best man to lead it. As for the Egyptians, they say Burns' appointment was a factor in their acceptance not only of the force itself but of Canada's share in it.

Canada is in an odd position here in Egypt. As a senior member of the Commonwealth and a nation of British and French parentage, we're an object of suspicion in a country lately invaded by the British and the French. Egypt would not accept Canadian infantry as a component of the UN force. As an Egyptian colonel put it: "We couldn't have both sides of a cease-fire line patrolled by troops that owe allegiance to the Queen of England."

Actually Canada was not the only nation challenged by Col. Gamal Abdel Nasser, the president of Egypt. He objected to Norway and Denmark as members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, to Pakistan as a member of the Baghdad Pact of mutual assistance with Turkey, Iraq and Iran, which Nasser detests. But he was easily persuaded out of his opposition to the Scandinavian countries (Pakistan didn't come anyway) whereas he remained implacable against the Canadian Queen's Own Rifles.

Yet the individual Canadian in Egypt feels no sense of hostility around him. On the contrary, he is treated with warm cordiality. Lt.-Col. David Elle, the Canadian officer on UN duty here before the Suez attack, says he walked about Cairo unmolested even at the height of the crisis in a uniform that is British except for the CANADA badge on the shoulder. (This at a time when a hapless telephone lineman was mobbed and beaten because, climbing down a telephone pole, he was taken by the excited crowd for a paratrooper.)

Egyptians lose no opportunity to say that they like Canadians, that they welcome the administrative troops who run the UN camp near the Suez Canal, that the objection was solely to combat troops and solely for technical reasons. More-

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Handyman's Diary

The Easy Way to New Walls and Ceilings

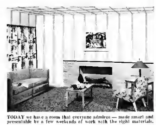
by Cam Forrest

SEVERAL readers have written in for advice on how to fix ceilings that have flaked and cracked with age. And it's true—a cracked, unsightly ceiling is really a nightmare.

We know—because we had just that trouble in our own home. The ceiling began to sag and no amount of patching helped.

A few months ago my wife Jean and I decided to fix it up once and for all. We found the ideal material at our lumber dealer's: PV Square-tex. It's a handy 4 x 8' hardboard panel 1/4" thick, grooved on 12" or 16" centres to form a pattern of raised squares.

The lumber dealer told us Square-tex was designed to take the backache out of ceiling work—and he was right! We found the inexpensive panels went up quickly and easily over our cracked ceiling. And the smart patterned effect goes very well with our furnishings.



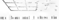
TODAY we have a room that everyone admires — made smart and presentable by a few weekends of work with the right materials.

A FEW MONTHS AGO cracking plaster made our living room look drab and depressing.

Matter of fact, we were so pleased with our new ceiling that we went ahead and remodelled the whole fireplace wall as well!

Here's the full story. I think anyone considering home modernization will find it helpful.

Ceiling First



Since Jean and I chose the 16" pattern Square-tex, we first had to nail 1" by 4" lumber over the old plaster every 16", running at right angles to the ceiling joists—and also fill-in strips on every joist (16" apart) to give a nailing base under all the grooves. Then the Square-tex panels went up. With all panel edges meeting on a groove, the joints are completely hidden. Most of the nails too are concealed in the grooves.

New Wall for Old

To complete the remodelling we decided to bring our old-fashioned fireplace wall up to date.

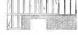
First we took off the outmoded, ornate fireplace framework and the shiny tiles.

For the wall panelling Jean liked the vertical-grooved pattern of PV Plank Board, a 4 x 8 hardboard panel which she had admired in a friend's home. Plank Board comes with grooves on 8" centres and on 16" centres; we chose the 16" pattern.

I probed through the plaster to find the wall studs. Then Jean and I strapped right over the old plaster with 1" x 4" lumber at the top, centre and bottom of the wall.

We next added vertical strips at every stud to give solid support to the hardboard. This way we were able to conceal most nails in the pattern grooves. It would take a sharp eye to detect the panel joints too!

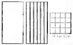
We called in a brickwork contractor to put on the new brick facing, and we added the simple mantel. Finally, I nailed up a cove moulding where the Plank Board met the ceiling, and added a base moulding.



We finished the panels with latex base paint. Jean, the family colour-expert, chose pale green for the wall, tan for the ceiling. That PV Hardboard took paint like a charm—the second coat gave a wonderfully smooth, even finish to wall and ceiling alike. The results of our combined effort: a real compliment-catcher of a living room!

Information, Please

If you're planning to remodel your own home, I'm sure you'll find PV Hardboards (Square-tex, Plank Board, perforated Area Board) of great help.



The panels make strong, rigid walls, ceilings and room dividers—and they have dozens of other applications too.

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over the UN force itself is popular, though Egyptians have not forgotten it was Canada's idea in the first place.

Partly, of course, this is an effect of Canadian policy. Even humble unlettered people here know that Canada didn't support the Anglo-French attack on the canal zone and are grateful that we thus ignored the commonwealth tie. Also they are led to think Canadians are more friendly to Egypt than some of us really are. Speeches critical of Britain and France by Prime Minister St. Laurent and External Affairs Minister Pearson were front-page news here, whereas not a word was printed about the loud Conservative dissent.

But another reason for Canada's repute, at least among the small group of Egyptians who decide what other Egyptians shall read and hear, is the name earned by Burns and his men during the past two and a half years in Palestine.

Tommy Burns is not the man you'd expect to do well in an Arab country. Arabs by and large are emotional, excitable people. Burns is impassive as a wooden Indian. Juniors in the army used to call him "Sunny" behind his back, on the principle by which 250-pound football players are called "Tiny."

Arabs tend to be suspicious of anyone who shows a liking for Jews. Burns, while he lived in Jerusalem in a no man's land between the two zones, spent far more leisure time with Israelis than he did with the Arabs of Jordan. He found more congenial people in Israel and never bothered to keep a diplomatic balance in his social life.

Anybody for Urdu?

An offset to this "bias" that seems to impress the Arabs considerably is the fact that Burns has worked hard to learn Arabic ever since he came to the Middle East. He has always made a mild hobby of languages because he hates to be anywhere for any length of time without being able to talk to the people. He doesn't consider himself fluent in any second language except French, but he has a fair working knowledge of German, Italian and—of all things—Urdu. This last, badly rusted now by the passage of time, was the fruit of a two-year staff course in Quetta, in what is now Pakistan, in 1928-29.

One of his first acts when he came to Palestine was to arrange with an elderly professor of Arabic for an hour's instruction every day. Burns, of course, was too busy and too mobile to maintain that schedule—he counted himself lucky to get in two or three lessons a week in practice—but he did keep it up and he now speaks with fair fluency and reads commonplace things like the newspapers.

Knowing Arabic gave him the advantage of being able to listen to the local radio and to watch, albeit dimly, the line of an Arabic press which is very different from the sedate little newspapers published in English and French out here. Occasionally this has come in handy at the conference table. But for the purposes of his relations with the Arab world it was vastly more important as proof of his quite genuine wish to understand Arab thinking.

However, the real foundation for Burns' standing in the Middle East is his reputation for fairness. In spite of periodic outbursts of ill temper like the Jordanian demand for his removal last year, both sides somewhat grudgingly admit that he is a just man.

"General Burns never gives up," said an Egyptian who has worked with him closely ever since he arrived. "Once he decides what the right course is, or what he thinks it is, you cannot push him off it."

Another old acquaintance, a Canadian, said: "Tommy Burns works harder at being fair-minded than anybody else I know."

His fair-mindedness had been tested long before he came out to Palestine. Burns' career has been one that might have turned a different kind of man into a bundle of grievances and prejudice.

Until 1945 he had never in his life been anything but a serving soldier. Born in Westmount, Montreal, in 1897, he went to Royal Military College and graduated in time to go overseas as a subaltern in 1915 just after his eighteenth birthday. He came back a captain with the Military Cross and settled down to peacetime soldiering in Ottawa.

He did well at it. His job was mostly survey work with the geographical section of the General Staff, and he spent much of his time between the wars experimenting with the new techniques of aerial survey mapping. In 1935 he got the Order of the British Empire for research in this field.

Twice he went off for staff courses abroad. In 1927 he wrote a competitive examination for one staff course and got the highest mark of any officer in the commonwealth—the first time any Canadian had ever done so. This was the one that took him to Quetta for two years. And when war broke out in 1939 Burns was in England taking a course at the Imperial Defense College. He was posted a general staff officer to Canada House, London, and later to the same job next door at Canadian Military Headquarters.

At the outbreak of World War II, after twenty-four years in the army, Burns was still technically a major though in fact he was already wearing the tabs and drawing the pay of a lieutenant-colonel. Thereafter promotions came fast. By the end of 1943 he was a general, posted in January 1944 to his first big field command, the Fifth (Armored) Division in Italy. Three months later General H. D. G. Crerar went back to London to replace General Andrew McNaughton as commander-in-chief, Canadian Army Overseas. Burns took over the First Canadian Corps in Italy with the temporary rank of lieutenant-general.

The unhappy story of the Canadian Corps in Italy has been told in volume two of the official history of the war. The Canadians were not wanted there in the first place. At the insistence of the Mackenzie King government they were forced on the British at the last minute, displacing British troops who were all ready to go. Later the elevation of only two Canadian divisions into a corps, with establishment and overhead enough for twice as many fighting men, was sharply criticized at the time and has been so ever since.

This was the thankless post Burns took over in March 1944. He lasted eight months, but in less than half that time he was at odds with the British Eighth Army commander, Sir Oliver Leese.

Leese wanted the Canadian Corps broken up and its divisions put under British corps command. Failing that he wanted Burns replaced and offered "the best British officer that can be made available" if no suitable Canadian could be found for the job.

Crerar flew out to Italy to see what the row was about, found that the Canadian division commanders backed Burns, and sent back a now famous memorandum to the Canadian Chief of Staff.

"This meant that no Canadian or American or other 'national' commander, unless he possesses quite phenomenal qualities, is ever rated quite as high as an equivalent Britisher. It also means that to a British commander such as Leese the Canadian cohesiveness created by the existence of a Canadian higher formation such as a corps, is a distinctly troublesome factor."

With his Canadian backing Burns rode out that storm, but not for long. By November he was replaced, transferred to a less important job at Montgomery's headquarters in northwest Europe. It looked as if his army career had ended. When he came back to Canada in September 1945 he became a civilian for the first time in his life—director of rehabilitation in the Department of Veterans Affairs.

Burns makes no bones about what happened in Italy. "I was fired," he says without rancor. It was the kind of thing some men brood about for the rest of their lives.

Burns brooded a good deal, but not about his own personal difficulties. His concern was with the reinforcement crisis of the war's final year and the question of what could and should have been done about it. The end result of his concern was a small book, which he finished just before he left for Palestine in 1954 and which was published last spring, *Manpower in the Canadian Army*. He concludes that manpower was wasted in many ways during World War II. One of the ways was the formation of corps headquarters and army headquarters for too few divisions to warrant so much overhead.

In other words, if Sir Oliver Leese wanted now to renew the old argument of 1944 he could find support for his point of view in the pages of Burns' own book.

There was some of the same detachment in Burns' support of the United Nations. Perhaps because he was working with war veterans—he became deputy minister of the department in 1950—he

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¼ cup sugar
½ cup dry mustard
3 tbsps. PURE BARBADOS FANCY MOLASSES

Heat oven to 325°F. (moderately slow). Remove skin and part of fat from hot cooked ham; score fat in diamond shapes; stud with cloves. Place ham in large shallow pan; dribble with 2 tbsps. molasses. Mix remaining ingredients; pat uniformly over ham. Bake 40 min. or until glossy and brown.
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Before Israel struck the Sinai, Burns cabled a warning to Dag Hammarskjold at UN headquarters

was more concerned than most people with ways and means of keeping the peace. In spite of his talk of being "drafted" he put a lot of time and work into being national president of the United Nations Association. Unlike some members of that body, though, he was never unaware of the limitations and frailties of the UN. He backed it in a stolid matter-of-fact way, not because it is a good organization but because it's the only one we've got.

That is also the attitude with which he has managed to keep patience and sanity for two and a half frustrating years in Palestine.

It is hard to imagine a job more discouraging than trying to supervise the Palestine truce. The supervisor is not an arbitrator, not even an umpire, but a kind of scorekeeper in a grim and bloody game that never ends. Rights and wrongs are never clear-cut. Every new incident goes back to some older incident and that to a third, and so *ad infinitum*.

Most people who become involved in this legal and moral quicksand arrive, sooner or later, at one of two states of mind. Some grow utterly cynical, disenchanted and bored; they stop caring about a region where duplicity seems to be as endemic as dysentery. Others become converts to one side or the other—most commonly the Arab side—and lose the ability to see any right or virtue in the opposing case.

He takes no man's word

Burns, so far, has done neither. He seems to have as few illusions as any man, and his friends say he long ago ceased to take the word of either side for anything. Nevertheless he still listens to both with imperturbable politeness and still contrives to bring a fresh judgment to bear on each problem as it comes up.

There is no pattern to his work. The truce supervisor, like a fireman, hasn't much to do when there isn't a fire. In quiet periods he has lots of time to indulge his taste for reading, music and good living. In spite of his quiet manner he enjoys entertaining and does a good deal of it. He takes his duties as host seriously—his aides occasionally bring in late reports and find their chief in his shirt sleeves polishing fruit or setting the table with his own hands.

When trouble breaks, the truce teams work around the clock. Military observers try to reach the scene within hours to see with their own eyes the location and the number of casualties. An enquiry follows by the Mixed Armistice Commission, of which each affected country has equal representation under a chairman from Burns' staff. Burns is the nominal chairman of all commissions, with his staff officers acting as deputies, so he can take over personally anything that's extra serious. Normally he assumes command whenever an incident reaches a government-to-government level.

Occasionally he is obliged to intervene in other ways. A few months ago a member of his staff gave a series of judgments not according to the facts and Burns had to remove him. It turned out that the unfortunate man was developing a brain tumor and his behavior was increasingly irrational before the ailment was realized. But Jordan, which had been favored by the wrong judgments, complained that Burns was replacing the officer with a pro-Israel man and it was this that started the demand for Burns' own replacement.

Mainly, though, Burns is regarded with equal coolness by both sides, which is the nearest possible approach to popularity in this job. He for his part is equally skeptical toward them.

Burns wasn't altogether surprised by the Israeli attack on Sinai, though of course he had no forewarning. Israel had pulled out of the Mixed Armistice Commission with Jordan not long before in protest against a decision that went against her. This had sometimes in the past turned out to be a prelude and a security screen for something big in the way of retaliatory raids.

The first inkling Burns had that war might be imminent, though, came on the last Saturday of October. A UN observer in Beersheba sent word up to Jerusalem of what looked like mobilization on a considerable scale. Next day Burns was driving to Caesarea for a Sunday afternoon swim and he too saw a lot of army trucks and military activity on the roads.

That day there was a general strike in Jordan culminating in a riot that burned down the French consulate and injured two Frenchmen. Israel announced a "partial mobilization," ostensibly as a reaction to events in Jordan. Burns sent off a message to UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold in New York on the Monday morning warning him that something was up.

Nothing else happened to Burns' knowledge until about nine that evening when the United Nations observer at El Auja, on the Sinai border, reported that the Israelis had kicked him out. An hour later Israel announced, on the radio, that the invasion of Sinai had begun.

Burns couldn't see that there was anything he could do, so he went to bed. The telephone woke him at two in the morning—it was the United Nations in New York trying to find out what was going on. Burns told them what he knew, said he had considered issuing a call for a cease fire but decided not to because he was sure it would be ignored. New York told him to go ahead and issue one anyway, which he did, and of course it was ignored.

The next few days were hectic. Burns had to see to the evacuation of United Nations dependents—about sixty women and children to be flown or driven to Beirut for the duration. He had to arrange a line of escape for UN personnel in Gaza, where they were taken off the beach by an American warship. At the same time he had to pass on orders to a skeleton force of military observers to stay in Gaza and not withdraw as the Israelis were pressing them to do. Before the end of the week the UN General Assembly was in session and passing resolutions, all of which it was Burns' job to transmit formally and officially to Israel and to Egypt.

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Finally, six days after the invasion began, Hammarskjold telephoned again from New York. This time it was to tell him that the UN had authorized a special emergency police force and that he was to be its commander.

Two days later Burns was in Cairo, on the first plane to land at the International Airport here after the British bombing, to open negotiations with Col. Nasser and the Egyptian government for admission of the United Nations force.

Nasser was wary and suspicious. He wanted to be very sure the UN force would not be an occupation army, that it would not remain in Port Said or the canal zone after the British and French withdrew. It was at this time he voiced his objections to the Canadian infantry as subjects of the Queen.

Perhaps it's just as well, in the end, that the Queen's Own Rifles did not come. It's very doubtful whether all the men in the unit were entirely clear about what they were supposed to do when they got here. Even some of the administrative troops who are operating the base at Abu Suweir for six other nations were a little confused on that point.

"I thought we was here to clear them Egyptians out of the canal zone," said one disgusted private. "Instead, damned if they aren't treating us like prisoners of war."

Indeed there were some points of resemblance. UN troops were housed in an Egyptian army camp that was still under Egyptian command and partially in use by Egyptian troops. Egyptian guards at the main gate stopped everyone from going in or out without an Egyptian pass. Because of anxiety to prevent any "incidents" between UN troops and the Egyptian populace nobody got a pass for weeks after the arrival except for strictly business purposes.

Entertainment in the early weeks consisted of an Egyptian propaganda film on the landings in Port Said and an afternoon program of music by an Egyptian army band—playing British airs. To the Canadians, doing guard duty and cleanup jobs in a frenzy of boredom and sleeping twelve hours a night for lack of anything else to do, the whole enterprise seemed very strange indeed.

But if some of the soldiers were confused, Burns and Hammarskjold were not. Whatever may have been thought by the British and the French, there was never any ambiguity about the UN special force as they outlined it to the Egyptians:

- It would be here only with the full consent and co-operation of Egypt.
- Its function in the canal zone would be only to see that the British and French troops withdrew in orderly fashion and to help keep order as the withdrawal was completed.
- Its duty thereafter would be to move eastward across the Sinai Desert and see that the Israelis, too, withdrew to the lines of demarcation laid down by the armistice eight years ago.

The only doubtful point is, what then? As this is written it is still uncertain whether the UN force must then disband and go home or whether it will be allowed to patrol the armistice line more or less permanently.

Anyone who has seen the mile-wide buffer zone on the banks of the canal near Kantara and El Cap can tell what a boon it would be to have a similar zone between Israelis and Egyptians. The day we were there the Danes were digging in at either side of it. One set of machine-gun emplacements bristled northward at the British, another southward at the Egyptians. Infiltration from either direction would have been a very unhealthy sport.

There's no doubt that Burns, and probably Hammarskjold too, would dearly like to see such a project launched. However, the doing of it calls for a certain mutual good will between enemies who show no sign of any.

Israelis used their time in Sinai in a manner well calculated to enrage the Egyptians. All the border defensive establishments were thoroughly destroyed, the barracks burned, the dugouts blasted. The three vital military roads across the desert were torn up so efficiently, with high explosives and with heavy scarifying machines, that not even jeeps can travel them now. Repairing them will take months and millions. Meanwhile the UN force, if it is to go up to the armistice line, must go up either by sea or by air.

This sort of thing does not induce the mood of co-operation that a UN patrol system would require. For the moment at least it seems likeliest that things will be put back as they were before, with all the tensions and temptations that made them unbearable.

Viewed from here, though, even that modest result looks like a triumph for the United Nations. As Egypt sees it, an aggression has been checked and rebuked. As once before in Korea, but this time with no blood shed, the United Nations has deprived the aggressors of the fruits of their act. Whatever the outside world may think—and it is very difficult inside Egypt to tell what the outside world does think—to Egypt this is triumph enough ★

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Pierre Radisson continued from page 16

"He's back!" cried the Indian — as a train tooted

son. Mrs. Clare said she had a writer in mind: John Lucarotti, an enthusiastic young Englishman who had already done a radio series on Robin Hood for her. French network officials said they had an actor in mind: Jacques Godin, twenty-six, a pock-marked, lantern-jawed commerce student who was a pillar of the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde in Montreal. The meeting broke up in such enthusiasm that a volatile supervisor of film productions began improvising paper arrows and launching them at his colleagues.

The French network agreed to hand over $3,500 from its budget for each French installment—a sunny guess that the series would be made at the par figure for many half-hour filmed shows. The English regional office in Montreal has a smaller budget and couldn't match this, so Mrs. Clare wangled a special appropriation from national headquarters for the English version. With a modest over-all budget of $7,000 per episode the CBC agreed to buy from Lucarotti, at three hundred dollars per half-hour script, the right to perform his material once on each station in the CBC network, including any station that might be added in the next three years, provided the series were launched on it within 120 days of its opening. All other rights are Lucarotti's by a contract that his lawyer describes drily as "very favorable for my client at this time."

Lucarotti, who is an ex-naval officer, a former ad copywriter, a limited company (John Lucarotti Scripts Ltd.) and an ardent naturalized Canadian, withdrew to a boathouse in Bracebridge, Ont., at the beginning of the summer and began turning out a script every five days.

Meanwhile Pierre Gauvreau, a top-flight non-objective painter who was a former producer of a well-known French network children's show, *Pépinot et Capucine*, was picked to direct the series. René Caron, a successful French free-lance announcer and actor, was cast as Radisson's rollicking brother-at-arms and in-law Groseilliers. Bilingual bit players were rounded up and asked if they could swim. To a man they said they could. Technical crews and facilities were hired from a Montreal company, Omega Productions Inc. A location for outdoor sequences was chosen on Ile Perrot, an island sprinkled with summer colonies twenty-five miles southwest of downtown Montreal in the St. Lawrence River at the mouth of the Ottawa. The remote site could be reached by barge and there was a motel on the mainland.

Shooting started on Aug. 20 as soon as Godin the star was through at Stratford, where he played the part of the French herald Montjoy in Henry V. It was announced that the series would be unveiled on Oct. 20.

Six weeks later the $7,000 per-episode budget had been revised upward to $15,000, or $600,000 for thirty-nine, and the target date was adjusted to mid-December; the pitfalls of an unfamiliar project were beginning to be evident.

It had turned out, for instance, that though all the bit players hired to portray Indians had sworn they could swim, half of them crossed themselves and clutched their scapular medals every time they pushed off from shore. The canoes were so skittish one actor swore his canoe overturned every time the make-up girl failed to part his wig right down the middle.

Then there were mosquitoes, which sweat and body make-up brought in swarms. In episodes 1 and 2 ("Captured" and "Escape") most of the extras were playing Iroquois and hence were exiguously clad in breechclouts. The mosquitoes made repeated flank attacks and shooting had to be held up at regular intervals while the Indians lined up and a make-up girl sprayed them with bug repellent.

Ile Perrot proved an indifferent choice of location on other scores besides the fauna. Shipping in the St. Lawrence repeatedly swamped canoes. Planes from nearby Dorval airport showed uncanny timing in arriving at crucial moments and spoiling sound takes. Other sound takes were spoiled by train whistles. On one occasion, when Radisson was returning from Lake Winnipeg, an Indian burst into Groseilliers's tent shouting, "He's back! He's back!" The sequence would have been fine if the Indian's words hadn't been punctuated by diesel toots that made it sound as though Radisson had just come in on the 6.10 special.

The biggest obstacle on location, though, was the weather. Between Aug. 20 and Sept. 30 rain prevented shooting on twenty-three days.

Scenes like Radisson's interview with the French governor of Three Rivers and later with the Dutch governor of Fort Orange could fortunately be shot in the studio, a big brick hall on Montreal's Côte des Neiges. When Gauvreau, the producer, found his English wasn't good enough to coach his actors, he appointed a sound man unofficial director of English dialogue. The actors, all good mimics, were soon pronouncing governor "guv-nor." The sound man was a Cockney.

By mid-November only five episodes had been completely filmed. The actors were averaging ten hours' work a day, six days a week, at $60 a day and $5 an hour overtime. They had codified their assorted redskin roles into seven primary facial expressions. Godin, the star, had bought a new pastel Lincoln and a camel's-hair coat and had taken to smoking cigars. Lucarotti, the writer, had bought himself a black 1956 MG sports car with wire wheels (which he christened L'Esprit) and a striped touring cap.

The actors were still working on location whenever weather permitted, shooting episodes 10, 11 and 12, wherein Radisson journeys overland to Hudson Bay. Cold had become a problem. While cameramen bundled in parkas coddled their cameras with electric heating pads, the Indians stripped to the waist, stuffed hot rocks into their trousers for warmth and tried to look impassive.

Around this time Guy Leduc, an assistant director, said plaintively, "It is not that we are behind. It is that they have scheduled too soon."

The cost of the series was now being quoted as $25,000 per episode, or $800,000 to a million if thirty-nine were completed; the definite target date was January 1957, and National Film Board employees, who continue to deal loftily with the CBC on account of their own longer experience of making films for TV, were snickering. "They ought to cancel Wayne and Shuster and replace it with a series on the filming of Radisson."

Each day a work log recorded a series of petty mishaps: ... repairs to leaky canoes ... camera frozen ... plane overhead ... change of wet buckskins for dry. But these were incidents common to shooting on location anywhere with any film company and the Radisson company was standing up to its collective duress with as much éclat as any more seasoned film troupe. On a typical day in mid-November the group turned out for breakfast at five thirty, spent an hour and a half being made up and were on location at seven fifty. The temperature was twenty with winds up to forty miles an hour promised. Only Gauvreau, the director, bare-headed and clad in the thinnest of parkas, seemed not to notice the bitter cold. As an artist he is of the non-objective school, but as a producer he stresses realism. In episode 1, when Radisson was tortured by Iroquois, only his contorted face was to be shown. But Gauvreau insisted on a piece of raw pork tied to the actor's wrist so that when a red-hot poker was touched to it there would be a suitable sizzle and curl of smoke.

With an hour's break for lunch the company worked till four thirty, shooting canoe sequences on an open stretch of river in the morning and in the afternoon the scenes recording Radisson's and Groseilliers' first glimpse of Hudson Bay.

The actors got back to Montreal in a chartered bus by about eight thirty after a fifteen-hour day.

By the first week in December it was announced that the series would absolutely start on Feb. 7. With snow on the ground the company was starting on its schedule of winter outdoor scenes. In between, in the studio on Côte des Neiges, they would be shooting the part of episode 10 where Radisson, on his way to England to interest Charles II in the Canadian fur trade, gets captured by the Dutch.

Lucarotti moved to Montreal from Bracebridge at this time, and settled down to writing episodes 18 to 39 for next season's series, with occasional side visits to the set. "I'm hovering like an anxious mother," he confessed recently, half laughing. "But I want it to be good so badly."

Back in Toronto Monica Clare addressed a home-and-school meeting about Radisson. "Who is he?" asked one matron. "It's already started, hasn't it?" said another. She'd recently seen part of a revival on television of an old Hollywood film about Radisson called Hudson's Bay and starring Paul Muni.

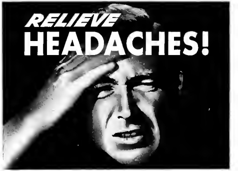
Mrs. Clare told her crisply that *this* Radisson was entirely different.

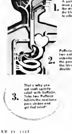
Fernand Doré, the dapper young French network supervisor of children's TV programs, explained recently just how Radisson is different. "I don't think an adventure story need so many bang bang," he said. "For me there should be much more nuance. Our production will surely be much more in this school."

He paused a moment before adding, "It will develop a Canadian style—our way of doing Davy Crockett." ★

A writer growing rich with Radisson

From Radisson toys alone scriptwriter John Lucarotti may make $50,000





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Mailbag

Is modern mother overworked? Could she stand grandma's grind?

In your panel discussion, What About Women? (Dec 8) one doctor made the statement that today's mothers are overworked. What a laugh! I was raised on a farm where my mother got up at 5.30 and helped with chores before starting breakfast. She carried wood to cook, also water after pumping it. She made the bread as well as churning butter. She worked in the fields and washed clothes by hand. She was happy to sit down in the evening to mend and make the children's clothes.

Today's woman walks out to the kitchen in a bathrobe, her hair in curlers and with one eye open she turns on the electric stove, the coffee pot and the toaster. After breakfast the dishes are put in a dishwasher, the family wash in an automatic. She sits at a phone and orders soup, chops, vegetables, baked bread and a brick of ice cream: that's supper! Hubby gets his lunch where he works, the children in school get warm lunches. She's busy though with tea, golf and taking life easy.—IDA ISBERG, VANCOUVER

● I am not married and articles such as this make me realize how fortunate I am. Let Canadian women go their way trying to be men and import European women for those who want real women for wives.—JOHN McNULTY, PEMBROKE, ONT.

● The following dialogue took place in our house:

Myself: I see a Dr. Montagu says women are superior to men.

My wife: Naturally!

My daughter Joan: Of course. Is Montagu a man?

Myself (looking at Dr. Montagu's picture): I think so.

Joan: He probably has a wife and doesn't dare say anything else.—[illegible] SELF, CALGARY

● When taking part in your panel discussion the point I wished to make in regard to women and executive positions was this: while many women do not want the kind of executive positions held by able men they *do* resent the fact that their own unique contributions are not rewarded adequately in terms of status or salary. And "girl friend"—attributed to me—is a term I abhor! ... ELIZABETH LOOSLEY, TORONTO

They all sat for Notman

When I came across the pictures of the Montreal Snowshoe Club in your William Notman photo album (Nov. 24) I went up to my attic to look at a picture of the Redcap Snowshoe Club of Halifax, N.S., taken when my father was a member of the club with two of his brothers. To my surprise it was one of W. Notman's pictures. I remember my father saying how each photo was taken separately, then grouped.—MRS. ALISTER MACDONALD, SYDNEY, N.S.

● This dear soul in your Notman pictures looks like the late W. L. Mackenzie King, and this presents interesting possibilities. Was our late leader a reincarnation of the dear lady? Was this simply a picture of Mackenzie King at a masquerade? Is there a Liberal platform under that voluminous skirt?—BARNETT J. BENSON, TORONTO

Shades of Mr King?

● I have the same Notman photograph of Jefferson Davis and Mrs. Davis published in Maclean's, also one of their four children taken at the same time. It was presented by Mr. Davis to my late husband's grandfather, the Rev. William Richmond, instructor at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que., 1863-1869. During that period a close acquaintanceship developed between Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Richmond; they often played chess together and during one of their games they were photographed by Mr. Notman.—EDITH P. HICKS, FREDERICK, MARYLAND

● After seeing your Nov. 24 issue I think I'll make an album of Notman's work. Every time I pick up the magazine I study those photographs.—MISS LENA LINDSEY, ARDEN, ONT.

● When I was a boy I had my picture taken by Notman; my elder brother had met a tragic death in Aylmer and my father, realizing he had no photographs of his sons, arranged to have Notman take some. That was 1876.—[illegible], TORONTO

A boy in Aylmer

[illegible]

● What wonderful photographs. But the picture "Prince Albert Edward, future King Edward VII" actually is Prince Arthur, later Duke of Connaught.—CLIFFORD WILSON, WINNIPEG

Prince Arthur

● The Victorian beauty in your interesting Notman album is Miss Ethel Bond, who was the daughter of Col. Frank Bond of Montreal and granddaughter of Archbishop Bond, the former Anglican primate. She married a Montreal lawyer, J. H. Dunlop, and a son, Hamilton Dunlop, lives in Montreal. Miss Bond's father, Frank Bond, also appears in an outdoor scene in your Notman album.—MRS. E. M. R. ROBELL, MONTREAL

Col Bond and the Colonel's daughter

How a barber holds scissors

Artist Jim Hill wasn't too observant when he painted his cover of the Kenora barbershop (Dec 8). The barber is holding his scissors with his thumb and index finger. I have been a barber for fifteen years and have never seen a barber hold scissors that way. The correct way is to hold them with the thumb and the *third* finger. In that way the holder uses his whole hand, ensuring a strong grip.—ALEC LIVINGSTON, TORONTO

● Has the first [illegible] seen using shears like that?—[illegible], ESQUIMALT, B.C.

Artist Hill apologizes to barbers; explains that his wife cuts his hair and she holds scissors with thumb and index finger.

What women get from college

In her argument Women Are Not a Race Apart (Dec 8) Anne Francis refers to a group of Calgary university grads voting that "a college education is of no value to a woman." Actually the debate was: Resolved that a university education for a woman is of no value. The argument hinged on the figurative meaning of "value." The affirmative won. Of course as in every debate the arguments decided the issue, not the subject.—MRS. W. C. GLASSBY, UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CLUB, CALGARY

Olga—a hoax or a bust?

Would you please explain what in the name of all that's literary you mean by paying $5,000 for that mixed-up story Olga (Dec 8). The only conclusion I can arrive at is that you wanted to provoke a storm of protest.—MRS. L. C. JONES, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

● It is neither clever nor funny and is almost wholly preoccupied with sex.—MRS. [illegible], OTTAWA

● You didn't have to publish it as well as pay for it.—MRS. F. KIRBY, TORONTO.

● Thank you many times for the Dec 8 issue. [illegible] It is a feast with what looks like a wonderful bonus in Olga.—[illegible], VANCOUVER. ★

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It's the last word in automatic drives. Super smooth—and there's even a HILL RETARDER position on the selector, for safer control on the steepest grades!

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A deeply hooded nacelle directly in front of the driver houses all instruments, controls and gauges. Control knobs are recessed for greater safety, too.

LOOKS LONGER . . . AND IT IS!
These longer, lower lines are no illusion. The '57 Chevrolet measures up to them. It is longer and lower—and every inch a beauty!—new style story inside, too.

THERE'S THE GREATEST CHANGE IN CHEVROLET!

For '57, Chevrolet comes up with a daring new departure in design! Plus new power (even fuel injection!) a new automatic drive, new ideas right down to the wheels. It's Sweet, Smooth and Sassy!

Chevrolet's great design team has come up with a whole galaxy of sparkling new advances. You can see that a block away, in Chevy's proud new bumper-and-grille front, in the bold flare of its rear fenders, the clean-lined simplicity of its integrated taillight assembly. You can feel the difference instantly the moment you nudge the throttle on any of Chevy's superb new engines. Matter of fact, there's so much that's new and wonderful about this new Chevy you can spend fascinating hours just getting acquainted with 1957's most distinctive car.

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Here's a smart idea—ventilating air intakes are combined with the headlight bezels for a new note in styling. And it's cleaner, high-level air, too.

AN EVEN FINER POWERGLIDE*
The world's best-liked automatic transmission is even finer for '57. Millions of miles of proving have brought refinements that give greater durability.

DARING NEW FRONT END DESIGN
The separate front bumper is gone. Now it's combined in one unit with the grille for new massiveness and uncluttered purity of line.

Careers in Canada continued from page 11

"A farmer always eats well and has a roof over his head but his only pension plan is his sons"

farm but may be much less on a farm where only wheat or some other single crop is grown.

Working conditions: Fair. Machinery has taken much of the backbreak out of farming, and better roads allow many farmers to live in town and commute to work. Few farmers now get up before dawn to milk for the morning pickup. Instead the milk is kept chilled until next day. Farmers with livestock still work seven days a week the year round, but on the other hand there's the prairie wheat "rancher" who farms hard five months a year and may live seven months in Florida or California.

Training required: A lot. Most farmers are born into farming and about ninety percent remain in the region of their birth. Apart from the practical training that comes naturally to a farmer's son or daughter, future farmers can now take college courses in "vocational agriculture" in every province except Newfoundland. Farming is an expensive career to start. Experts consider a $18,000 farm the cheapest that is likely to provide a reasonable living.

Security: Low. It's a common saying that farmers "always eat well and have a roof over their heads," but in recent years Canadians have been abandoning this type of security at the rate of two thousand a month. There is no pension plan attached to farming and the farmer's usual old age security is to live out his life on his farm, letting his sons take over when he becomes too old to work.

Dentists

The pay: Good. The average net income reported by Canadian dentists in private practice (after deducting nearly half their gross take for expenses) is $7,900. The top three hundred dentists pay income tax on $18,500 each. Dentists in public-health work and the civil service make salaries of $6,000 to $8,400.

Working conditions: Fair. The dentist sets his own hours and often overworks because there's a big surplus of patients. (Many dentists in private practice can only make appointments one to two months ahead.) Dentists complain of an unusually large variety of occupational hazards, including the threat of claustrophobia from working all day in a small room with frightened patients, varicose veins, poor posture and fallen arches from standing and bending over for long hours, colds and virus-borne diseases resulting from constantly peering into that great focus of disease, the human mouth.

Training needed: A lot. The course lasts six years and is unusually expensive because of the instruments and materials needed. What's more, dentists (along with farmers) have a high cost of starting in business: chair, X-ray machine, instruments and materials come to $7,000.

Security: Fair. Dentists (except the minority of salaried ones) stop earning when they're ill or on vacation or retired, since, like other self-employed people, they share in no organized security programs. Their peak earning period is short: from age thirty-five to forty, at which point the physical rigors of a maximum practice slows them to a lower but still comfortable income level. But as long as a dentist is able or willing to work his employment security is extremely high because there has been little increase in the number of dentists graduated annually in the thirty years during which Canada's population doubled. So there are only half the number of dentists considered desirable by the Canadian Dental Association.

Lawyers

The pay: Excellent. Canada's six thousand lawyers in private practice report an average net income of $11,925. The top twelve hundred lawyers report an average of not less than $30,000 a year each. Salaried lawyers in businesses, civil service and municipal jobs make $6,500 to $12,000.

Working conditions: Fair. Courts, registrars and other offices lawyers deal with keep short hours, but there's no limit to the homework an ambitious lawyer may load on himself. Many have offices at home as well as downtown. Criminal lawyers, like doctors, are likely to be called out at any hour to aid a client in distress.

Training needed: A lot. Each province has its own requirements and some even offer alternate routes to the bar. Example: In Ontario a high-school graduate spends two years articled to a lawyer, two years at Osgoode Hall law school, a fifth year back on articles and a final year split between school and office. A BA attends classes two years, articles a third and splits a fourth year.

Security: Good. Lawyers take care of their estates better than other professionals. Lawyers while still practising have an average investment income of $1,100 each, three times more than the average for other self-employed professionals who must look after their own sick pay and pension. This is because lawyers often deal with new and venturesome businesses and may accept part of their fees in stock options or other forms of participation which pay off in times of prosperity. Lawyers also have high employment security although there is no main shortage of the profession. Many side careers are available. Lawyers may become magistrates and judges, municipal officers or civil servants; businesses are increasingly hiring staff lawyers, and lawyers form the largest single occupational group in politics.

Doctors

The pay: Excellent. Ten thousand doctors in private practice report incomes averaging $11,891 each. That amount is net after deduction of the overhead of practising but before income tax. The top three thousand Canadian doctors report an average income of $22,600 each. In public-health and civil-service jobs doctors' salaries range from $5,700 to $12,000.

What schooling means to a salary

Nowadays any intelligent youth can earn what seems to him big money. So parents attempting to guide youngsters in a career often have trouble in putting over the point that the more education one receives the more money one makes eventually. But government tax finders have prepared some simple truths concerning education and its bearing on earning that should help parents clinch their argument.

Take Canadians in the highest salary brackets—from six thousand a year all the way to the country's top pay envelope. Select one thousand of them at random and enquire into the length of schooling each received. Here is the pattern of education to pay that emerges.

- 5 had four years schooling or less
- 14 did not go beyond public school
- 80 completed high school
- 291 had a college education
- 610 studied beyond a minimum college degree.

From another viewpoint education can be valued in terms of dollars per year. Assuming a forty-year working life the high-school graduate makes a total of $12,000 more than the public school graduate, or $3,000 more for each year invested in school. The college grad makes $16,000 more than the high-school grad, or $4,000 for each added year of education. But a year or more of postgraduate education is apparently the best investment of all — worth $16,000 per lifetime more than the ordinary college education, $32,000 more than the high-school education, and $44,000 more than the public school education.

Since World War II the Canadian government has made grants of about a hundred and forty million dollars to sixty thousand young veterans for college educations. This money is a grant, not a loan, yet the Department of Veterans Affairs calculates that the sum has already been more than repaid via higher taxes collected by the federal government on larger incomes made possible by advanced education.

What towns pay the most — and least

To make a good income it is axiomatic that a good place to work or practise a profession is in a community where the level of individual income is high. In Canada there are fifty-six cities with ten thousand or more residents who report their incomes for income tax purposes. On that basis the following are Canada's dozen highest income cities, in descending order:

TRAIL, B.C.
SUDBURY, ONT.
SARNIA, ONT.
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.
SHAWINIGAN FALLS, QUE.
TORONTO
CALGARY
VANCOUVER
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
NORTH BAY, ONT.
MONTREAL
OTTAWA

At the other end of the list, starting with the city twelfth in income from the bottom and listing downward, are:

CHICOUTIMI, QUE.
HALIFAX
MONCTON
STRATFORD, ONT.
OWEN SOUND, ONT.
GALT, ONT.
SAINT JOHN, N.B.
ST. JOHNS, QUE.
BRANDON, MAN.
HULL, QUE.
VALLEYFIELD, QUE.
GRANBY, QUE.

The range of average incomes reported is from a high of $3,787 in Trail to a low of $2,926 in Granby.

Working conditions: Fair. Doctors say their hours are long and their work nerve-racking; that early heart attacks and radiation diseases are their occupational hazards. But insurance companies class them as no greater risk than other white-collar workers. Traditionally, doctors are liable to be called out at all hours, but in cities the "family doctor" is now actually in the minority and the specialist majority usually see patients only in their offices.

Training needed: A great deal. In fact more than any other profession—a minimum of seven years for a general practitioner, up to thirteen years for a specialist (and one doctor in three nowadays is a specialist). The Canadian Medical Association calculates that a doctor is at least $20,000 worse off when he starts practicing than a high-school classmate who went to work on graduation. To start practising the doctor needs capital of $3,500 for instruments, minimum library and a car.

Security: Fair. The doctor, one of them has quipped, has nothing between himself and poverty but an unusually high income. Doctors must create their own security and they complain that they can't deduct annuity and other protection costs from taxable income as participants in group plans do. By their own reports doctors are not particularly provident; they average only half the reported investment income of lawyers, and a recent survey in western Canada showed that eight out of ten doctors left estates of less than $10,000.

Clergymen

The pay: Fair. Ministerial incomes range from the Roman Catholic priest's voluntary total poverty to the $15,000 a year an exceptional Protestant congregation might afford. The following figures are based on the United Church, Canada's largest Protestant denomination: starting salary for married ministers is $3,100 plus $400 car allowance and a free furnished house, or a total equivalent to about $4,000. After two years the minister's pay depends on what congregations offer. Highest is one Toronto church that pays $14,000 plus house. Across Canada the medium and large congregations pay $4,500 to $7,000 plus a house.

Working conditions: Fair. Church heads consider the ministry unusually hard work and require two thorough medical examinations of candidates before ordination. The old idea that ministers "work only on Sunday" couldn't be further from the truth, church authorities say, and many ministers work seven-day weeks of sixteen hours a day. United Church ministers change parishes every four years on the average, because a vacancy in a large congregation may set off a chain reaction of moves in as many as a dozen churches as ministers fill successive vacancies—which is the usual method of getting promotion.

Training needed: A lot. The theological course is three or four years to a BA plus three years in divinity. The church helps students who need it.

Security: Excellent. The ministry is a lifetime career. The new pension plan of the United Church, which began in 1955, is much more generous than the previous $1,200-a-year maximum. After forty years, or at age sixty-eight, the minister gets half his average pay. His widow gets two thirds of the pension as long as she outlives her husband.

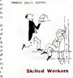
RCMP

The pay: Fair. Being a Mountie—probably the Canadian career best known to the rest of the world — is not a high-salaried job, but it's better than it used to be. As a probationer and trainee the recruit is paid $220 a month. A first-class constable in his fifth year gets $335 a month. Corporals are paid up to $375, sergeants up to $415. Commissioned officers start at $6,000 a year and top salaries under the rank of commissioner are $12,720.

Working conditions: Fair. RCMP postings range from isolated polar outposts to city desk jobs, from tourist-attracting guard duty to the pursuit of murderous drug traffickers. The Mountie is not allowed to marry during his first five years and then only if he has saved $1,200 and is free of debt. On duty and off he lives under discipline. He must not smoke in public in uniform, drink immoderately at any time, contract debts he can't pay or have business sidelines.

Training required: Little. A recruit can have schooling as elementary as grade eight, although grade ten is preferred. It's the training he gets *after* enlistment that makes him a Mountie: six months of intensive training in no fewer than eighty-five subjects, ranging from civil and criminal law, RCMP traditions, judo and investigation methods to first aid, boxing and horsemanship.

Security: Good. Fringe benefits of the RCMP include hospital, medical and dental care, equipment and bedding, three weeks leave a year, and a pension plan that goes into effect after as little as twenty years service.



Skilled Workers

The pay: Good. The highest-paid men in overalls in Canada's heavy industry plants make up to $9,000 a year. These are skilled workers who have no engineering degree but who have learned to direct complex processes by on-the-job training and have attained the top rank among skilled workers. These heavy-industry technicians (a term that distinguishes them from skilled workers with a trade such as bricklayers and carpenters) work their way up through twenty-seven grades, receiving up to six cents an hour more for each new grade. Top pay is a basic $3.27 an hour, often plus a thirty-three percent incentive bonus, overtime and fringe benefits, which can add up to $750 a month. Average earnings of all hourly-paid skilled workers in the primary iron and steel industry is now over $4,300 a year. In the skilled trades, pay may vary as much as eighty or ninety cents an hour depending on region. These rates were set for Toronto last November: electrician, $2.65 an hour; sheet-metal worker, $2.40; bricklayer, $2.68; plasterer, $2.45; lather, $2.45; tile setter, $2.30; carpenter, $2.45.

Working conditions: Fair. And variable—some industrial plants are obsolete, noisy and no safer than the law demands. But many a new plant is air conditioned, scientifically lighted and safer than home. In fact the technician of today calls himself a "white-smock worker" because grime has been eliminated.

Training required: Average. Industrial employers prefer applicants to have junior matriculation, although they will hire boys with less. Training is on the job (at a minimum $1.60 an hour), but night or correspondence courses speed advancement up the six-cents-a-step ladder. In the skilled trades beginners are trained either as helpers or by apprenticeship. Apprentices start at forty percent of full rate and get ninety percent in their fourth year.

Security: Good. The great majority of upper-bracket hourly workers are union members and their job security is based on union contracts, plus a high and growing demand for skilled workers of all kinds.

Armed Services

The pay: Fair. But in one category it's the best. Today RCAF aircrew officers actually receive higher starting pay after much shorter preparation than any civilian profession. Boys as young as seventeen with only junior matriculation but testing high in aptitude and initiative can take sixty-seven weeks of training and emerge as flying officers with a $6,000-a-year income. Most officers in the three services enter by a longer route, but the lowest permanent officer ranks in all three services pay more than $4,000 a year. Three promotions later navy commanders, army lieutenant colonels and RCAF wing commanders all top $8,500 a year. Enlisted men start at $2,800 a year after training and rise to more than $5,000. Women in the RCN and RCAF (the army enlists no permanent-force women except nurses) are paid the same as men, less marriage allowance, since servicewomen must be single.

Working conditions: Fair. Dangerous, of course, in wartime—although many experts believe that in atomic warfare the trained serviceman will be at least as safe as the unready civilian. In peacetime there's considerable exertion connected with parades, marching, manoeuvres and the like. All servicemen are on call around the clock. At sea the navy's working hours are four on, eight off; military camps and airfields keep approximately civilian hours, plus night shifts. Servicemen get thirty days leave a year, plus traveling time.

Training needed: Little. All training is on the job, and school standing need not be high. A new tri-service officer training plan makes it possible for high-school grads to get a college education, fully paid including living costs and $60 a month spending money, before becoming permanent-force officers.

Security: Excellent. The services' pension plan makes it possible for a serviceman to retire after twenty-five years (which often means as early as age forty-three) on a pension of half his top pay, or $200 to $500 a month, depending on rank. After thirty-five years' service the pension is seventy percent of top pay.

Nurses

The pay: Fair. Thirty-three hundred nurses in private practice report net taxable incomes of $2,000. One hundred and fifty at the top average $3,200 each. Three hundred nurses who are airline hostesses start at $2,820, rise to $4,284 in seven years. In the armed services nurses start with junior-officer rank at $3,180 and with promotion after six months' experience are paid $4,000. Civil-service nursing jobs pay from $2,840 to $4,380. Industrial firms hiring nurses are now offering $3,000 to $3,500 starting pay.

Working conditions: Fair. Nurses occasionally wonder aloud why they got into an occupation that, among other drawbacks, is so hard on the feet. But they admit there's great personal satisfaction in nursing. It may be the most romantic of occupations too. Trans-Canada Air Lines, which employs nurses as hostesses, has a turnover of thirty percent a year, chiefly due to marriage, and must constantly enlist and train more nurses to keep its hostess staff up to strength.

Training needed: Average. Most hospitals have three-year nursing courses giving the degree Registered Nurse. Some admit junior-matriculation graduates, others require senior matriculation. Several universities offer nursing courses combined with BA degree. Postgraduate nurses give certification in specialties such as public health nursing.

Security: Good. Salaried nurses participate in their employers' programs. Self-employed nurses mostly find security in marriage, but employment security based on supply and demand is high among nurses, and has been high longer than in any other occupation. The demand for

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nursing services is so great that thousands of women return to part-time nursing after marriage between bearing children, and even after their children grow up and leave home — which partly explains the low average income shown above for self-employed nurses as a whole

Government Employees

The pay: Fair One working Canadian in six is on the public payroll—federal, provincial or municipal—and it happens that all three types of government workers have the same over-all average income, $3,200 a year. (Interestingly enough this is also the average income reported by the more than three million Canadians who are classified as "employees.") Top income in municipal jobs goes to two hundred employees who average $11,500; provincial governments pay a hundred people an average $17,000; the federal civil service has two hundred top men in the $17,500-average bracket.

Working conditions: Good But varied of course since government employment is not a career but a gamut of careers. Take the federal civil service (as broader and larger than other public employment): jobs range from lonely lighthouse keeping ($4,080 top) to parliamentary carillonneur (up to $7,380), from beekeepers who make an average $3,000 to fisheries wardens who are paid the same but get an extra $10 a month if they provide their own tents and canoes. Civil-service pay sometimes depends on where a man works: an elevator operator in a federal building in Canada is paid an average of $2,600 plus uniform; a lift operator in Canada House, London, averages $1,600 a year and no uniform is mentioned.

Training needed: Average Eleven thousand federal civil servants didn't get past public school—and eleven thousand have college degrees. The rest of the one hundred and thirty thousand civil servants attended secondary schools.

Security: Excellent The civil service has a staff turnover of one percent a month, which is one sixth the turnover of Canadian industry in general (and half the rate of the U.S. civil service). A Canadian civil servant can retire at sixty after thirty-five years' service with a pension of seventy percent of his best ten years' pay. His widow continues to receive half that plus payments for children under eighteen.

Apart from those occupations whose economics and requirements can be nailed down, there are two great classifications that don't fall easily into patterns: the employee of private enterprise and the service workers who are paid partly by employers and partly by tips from those they serve.

Employees of private enterprises are by far the largest group of Canadian workers—two and a half million of them. Because they're so numerous it's not very illuminating to learn that they average $3,200 a year each. A truer picture is the fact that the million lowest-paid employees get under $2,500 a year, and the thirteen thousand top-salaried men in Canada average $25,000 each.

The service workers' livelihood is somewhat more uncertain—and adventurous. These workers include waiters and waitresses, bartenders, doormen, taxi drivers and hat-check girls—all people who depend partly on salary and partly on tips, whose own personalities in meeting and dealing with the public on its night out are the final factor in their income. There are tales of beverage-room waiters who feel it's a bad day that doesn't bring $40 in tips, of hat-check girls who buy apartment houses. But no one can accurately estimate the average income of these semi-self-employed workers. One thing is certain: they find their occupations both interesting and satisfying, and it's next to impossible to lure them from their careers with offers of steadier—and duller—employment. ★

Backstage in Cairo

Continued from page 6

about fifty were dead. The military governor of Gaza, summoned to a hasty though belated press conference in Tel Aviv, said ten had been killed and about twenty-five wounded. Later the UN held a quiet survey to gather names and former addresses of the refugees who had died—when I talked to them they had completed their check of only three out of twenty-four blocks of dwellings—and already they had a list of twenty-nine names.

However, everybody agreed that the Rafah incident had been a riot. Israeli guards had been withdrawn by some error several hours before their replacements arrived at Rafah and the refugees jumped to the conclusion that the Israelis were pulling out of Sinai. By way of celebration they started to loot the warehouse in the camp. Just as festivities were well begun the replacement guards arrived and they dispersed the mob with gunfire. UN people who were there thought they were more severe than they needed to be, but at least there was a violent outbreak to be quelled.

If the riot and its result had been announced when it happened, nobody would have paid much attention. As it was, correspondents began to root around Gaza for the facts on civilian casualties and they came up with some very sad stories.

I spent the better part of a day in a hospital in Gaza interviewing civilians who had been shot. One was a thirty-three-year-old teacher from a secondary school in the refugee camp at Khan Yunis (where no riots or other disturbances took place). Here is his story as I noted it down:

"At seven o'clock in the morning six soldiers came into my house. I was there with my wife and children, my two brothers and my mother. It was my mother who opened the door. The soldiers came in and asked her if any Egyptians were hiding here. She said 'There's nobody here but my sons.'

"They told us to come out. I went out with my hands above my head saying over and over 'I am a teacher, not a soldier.' They said 'Stand' and then they shot me in my right arm with a machine gun."

He held up the stump of his arm, amputated just above the elbow.

"They shot my brother also, who was twenty-four, and he died. My little brother, only fourteen, was shot in the leg but not badly hurt. He is here in the hospital with me."

I saw about a dozen such men that day and they all told the same kind of story—shot without warning or provocation, they said, while they marched in the schoolhouse for a security screening or waited at home during the house-to-house search for arms. In only one case was there a witness to confirm their stories—a UN observer had actually seen one man shot down as he stood against a wall. Most had no confirming evidence but their own terror and distress, but that was enough to make the American doctors and nurses believe them.

continued on page 57

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My most memorable meal: No. 13

Doris Hedges

tells about

A tango and a feast with the Faun

Oddly enough, the most memorable meal I ever ate consisted of very little food. The hostess was a famous poet as well as a painter. Her name was Katrina Boell. The year was 1911 and I was fifteen years old. The place was Paris where I had been taking ballet lessons from the great M. Raymond, master of the Paris Opera Ballet.

Katrina was an associate member of that noted movement of Canadian artists, the Group of Seven. She knew everybody in Paris and her studio was a mecca for the most interesting people, names now famous but at that time in the making. I remember particularly being taken one afternoon to meet Gertrude Stein. She and the other famous people to whom Katrina introduced me impressed me but not as Names or Figures. I accepted them as normal and ordinary. I thought that life was like that and that my own would be studded with such encounters. We sometimes go through the richest periods of our lives unknowing.

THE FAUN

Katrina gave wonderful parties to which everybody came. It was at one of those affairs that I met Isadora Duncan. She was very remote and it chilled me. I remember that very well, and then there was her brother Raymond who went about always in a toga and fell asleep at every opportunity.

At one party Katrina asked me to come early to help with the food and she also invited me to dance a tango during the party. I went into the tiny kitchen and started to do the bread and butter, cutting thin slices from long fragrant loaves of fresh bread and using a clean palette knife to spread the unsalted butter. I could hear gay laughter and talk in the studio and I worked, and I felt very happy.

Suddenly the curtain that separated the kitchen from the studio was pushed aside and a young man came into the room. He had a dark skin and black hair, coming down in a widow's peak. He was thin and wore a rather shabby suit with sleeves a little too short, showing his hands. His eyes went up at the corners and they were looking at me with amusement. He said, in blurred French, "May I help you?"

He pulled a stool to the table and started buttering as I cut. He seemed vaguely familiar but I couldn't place him. He was quite adept with the butter and his hands were beautiful, long, slender and sure.

We talked a little but nothing was said that I remember. Just something like this,

"People will get fat, non?"

Laughing in the middle of which he got up and went out, returning with a crock of caviar. He put it down on the table, spread one of the rounds of bread with it and handed it to me. It was delicious. He spread another round of bread for himself, grinning impishly at me.

"You are English, non?"

"No, I am a Canadian."

"Oh, Canada—full of space, plenty of snow."

"And people!" indignantly from me.

Katrina pushed the curtain aside and laughed at us. She said, "Time for your dance, Doris."

The young man got up from the stool and stood looking at me.

"Ah, you dance?"

"Oh, well, a little."

I went into the studio and looked around. Everyone was eyeing me kindly and the scent of fruit and wine and paint was intoxicating. Someone put a gramophone record on and a tango came out. I took a rose from a vase, stuck it in my hair and started to do the tango. It was fun and I was enjoying it. Their eyes were still kind and they watched with interest. I forgot myself and danced to the pulsing rhythm. I was a Spanish lady in a mantilla dancing without a partner.

And then they were no longer looking at me and I felt a hush. The young man had come silently into the room and I could feel his presence behind me. I turned toward him, still dancing. He was smiling. He made a quick movement, caught up one of Katrina's batik scarves from a chair and draped it swiftly around his very slim waist.

Then he was standing in front of me and I was no longer a lady dancing alone. I have never forgotten that moment. We danced. I was fifteen and full of the pure thrill of dancing for itself alone. We moved across the room in the spell of the tango, our feet moving in unison and our bodies swaying. The record stopped.

There was a loud sound that I did not recognize at once but it was applause. They were clapping hard, crying, "More, more." But something told me to stop. The young man stood there looking at me, impersonally kindly, with appreciation. He said, "Mademoiselle, you can dance!"

Katrina came along and put her arm around me. She said, "Mr. Nijinsky, it was very kind of you to do that."

Nijinsky. The Faun! The most famous dancer in the world! Of course! But the bread and butter! The caviar. The inane conversation! The waste! If only I had known! I was suddenly almost in tears.

He was smiling down at me with an incredible benevolence which was part of his own youth and understanding. He said, "Come, we finish our supper. We deserve to eat, non?"

He took my arm and piloted me to a corner. I was trembling. It seemed to me that I had gone through a miracle without being aware of it. I sat in a daze until I saw him coming back to the corner carrying a huge plate piled high with more bread and butter and a bunch of purple grapes. He looked exactly like the Faun. In his other hand he was balancing a jug of wine and two glasses, his head outlined against a great vase of flowers that Katrina had arranged in her own subtle way.

"Drink with me to the dance," he said.

It was my first drink of wine and it gurgled into me like true nectar. ★

DORIS HEDGES IS A MONTREAL POET AND NOVELIST

"No 'Egyptian Jews' have been expelled, says Cairo. The catch: only about 4,000 have citizenship"

I came away from Gaza feeling pretty ill. But I see by the Cairo newspaper this morning a reference by an Arab refugee spokesman at the United Nations to news reports of 1,250 killed and 3,000 arrested in the Gaza Strip. The effect on anyone who has been to Gaza since the war is an urge to explain that these alleged reports are vast exaggerations. You end up half-defending the very thing that most appalled you.

But to realize the full impact of misinformation out here you have to know too about the incredibles, the little incredibles. I came in on the plane from Damascus with a young intelligent Lebanese who assured me that the Sinai campaign had been won by French and British troops mingling with the Israeli.

"For every four Jews in the line there was one Frenchman or Englishman," he said. "The Jews by themselves would have been nothing."

I didn't bother asking him how these Anglo-French Goliaths could have understood battle orders given by unknown commanders in an unknown tongue.

Good 'n' mad

I call, 'n' gentleman 'n' bard,
To quell the vandals who mangle 'and.'
More 'n' more with fiendish unction
They stop the ears of a good conjunction.
'N' here 'n' now, dod rot 'n' drat 'em,
I call on all to be up 'n' at 'em,
'N' hound 'n' harry 'n' then choose
whether
To boil in oil or tar 'n' feather.

P. J. BLACKWELL

All the Arab countries have prominently featured Syria's charge that Israeli, French and British troops were massing on the frontiers between Israel on the one hand, Syria and Jordan on the other. The first day this charge was made Israel asked United Nations observers to go up and see for themselves. The next day they took a busload of foreign correspondents. Neither party, needless to say, found anything at all in a thorough tour of the area. If their report has been carried in any newspaper in an Arab country I have missed it.

Last week an American reporter here was asked for a summary of what had happened to the Jewish community in Egypt. He is a very thorough, conscientious man and I happen to know his private opinion that Egyptian policy toward the fifty thousand Jews here has been pretty moderate in the circumstances. Less than ten percent have been ordered or intimidated into leaving the country (without, of course, being allowed to take their assets with them).

But the official version is that no "Egyptian Jews" have been expelled. The catch is that only about four thousand have Egyptian nationality; the ones expelled, even though they may have lived here all their lives, are technically foreigners. So my friend's careful and exact, balanced and accurate report was stopped by the censor. His magazine therefore picked up a story in London from the first batch of expelled persons to arrive from Egypt.

All this, after a time, gives to the reporters who live here a feeling of being stifled. Talking to one the other day I said something about trying to find out some background facts.

"Facts!" he said. "Man, it's so long since I have found a fact that I wouldn't know what it looked like."

On the news published within Egypt censorship is complete. A censor sits in every newspaper office and reads every line of copy before it is printed. On the positive side, publishers have periodic conferences with the government on the way the news ought to be played.

But the outgoing censorship of course is all the more absurd for being less than half effective. Among the horde of traveling reporters who have been here in recent weeks most sent only about two stories out of five by direct cable from Cairo. The other three went out in the coat pocket of some departing friend to be cabled home from somewhere in Europe.

This particular article, though, is going through censorship here. I shall be interested to see, when I get home, how much of it got into the magazine. ★

(This article, mailed from Cairo, was passed without change by Egyptian censors.—Ed.)

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London Letter continued from page 5

"I can't believe Gaitskell will lead his party in another election. Bevan has left him staggering"

to America for a serious operation I saw him then on the evening before he left to board the plane for New York and it seemed that the hand of death was upon him. But the operation proved successful and he came back with renewed vigor to resume his overwhelming tasks.

It might be asked whether Eden's health is strong enough for his task even though the Jamaica sun has tanned his face and given him fresh strength. My answer to that would be that he is basically a tough fellow and has extraordinary powers of recuperation. That he has defects of judgment no one can deny. Let me give an example.

You have all heard about the power of the old school tie in England. A boy who goes to Eton is halfway on the road to political or administrative preferment. The old-school tie even in these democratic days is still a matter of importance. For example in a recent reshuffle of his government Sir Anthony appointed Lord Hailsham as first lord of the admiralty, Antony Head as minister of defense, John Hare as secretary of state for war and Nigel Birch as secretary of state for air. Thus the entire defense of the nation was placed in the hands of old Etonians by an Etonian prime minister.

Eden's explanation would be that these were the four best parliamentarians available and that it was a mere coincidence that they were all from the same school. All things are possible but not all things are advisable. Eden ought to have realized that the charge of nepotism would be raised against him. He should have said to his four defense ministers: "I'm sorry but one of you must take some other office. I just can't carry four of you on my back with all of us wearing the same school tie." Make no mistake about it, these ministers are good men, but a political party is not like a regiment. We, the rankers, are in command inasmuch as we can dismiss the commanding officer if we choose.

You will have heard of Julian Amery who leads the Suez Group of the Tories. He and his followers rebelled when the British government agreed to withdraw its occupation troops from the canal zone in 1954. Many of us thought the withdrawal was inevitable but we respected the stubborn courage of Amery and his friends who said that it was an act of deplorable abdication. But Eden, who was himself a rebel over Munich, has never given office to any of the Suez mutineers. I have always believed him to be wrong in not doing so. My affection and respect for the prime minister are very deep but I feel very strongly that he must make his government more broad based than it is at the moment.

What of the two challengers for Eden's place if it becomes vacant? Harold Macmillan has the disadvantage of being a wealthy man because of his famous family publishing house, and he seems to have lost some of his zest for the parliamentary conflict. The one thing that might decide him to stay and strive for the premiership is his dream of a Western European alliance of trade and defense. His air of languor is deceptive for he has a keen imaginative mind. Yet strangely enough he seems to lack the spur of personal ambition. Nevertheless his reputation has gained from his speeches during the prime minister's absence.

The other challenger, Rab Butler, has held his place with reasoned argument and by the shrewdness with which he performed his strenuous duties in the endless Suez debate.

Then what of the socialists? There is no question but that Gaitskell has lost ground and that Aneurin Bevan has left him staggering like a weary runner toward the end of a marathon race.

Gaitskell made one unforgivable blunder—a blunder that may spell the ruin of his ambition to be prime minister. That was his violent attack on the government at this critical time. Rightly or wrongly his country was in armed conflict with Egypt. British soldiers were killing and being killed. In addition the British prime minister was being denounced by our friends and criticized by our overseas kinsmen. It may well be that his conscience was outraged. On the other hand it is possible that he believed that British public opinion could be inflamed to such a pitch that it would rise and overthrow the government.

If he had been a traitor—which he is not—his speeches could hardly have been more harmful to the nation's cause. I do not doubt his sincerity but I must doubt his wisdom. Toward the end of the long drawn-out weary weeks he had modified his tone but I am afraid it is too late. When the guns begin to spit bullets there are casualties among men far out of range.

I cannot believe that Hugh Gaitskell will lead his party into the next election. In other words the star of Bevan is rising in the West, which you will agree is unusual, but then Bevan is an unusual fellow.

Therefore let me end this London Letter by returning for a moment to the prime minister. Last April I wrote in Maclean's that it was difficult to imagine Eden still in power in 1957. Unfortunately, Maclean's is a persistent globe trotter and has a surprisingly large number of readers in Britain and I was confronted on many occasions with that unfortunate prophecy. Nothing daunted, as the Irishman said, I now prophesy that Eden will lead his government with renewed strength and courage and wisdom. He will gain in confidence and reputation as the man who changed the United Nations from a talking shop into a world force, and in the process saved the Middle East from communism and the evil overlordship of Russia.

If this proves true—and I believe it will—then Eden will have won his place in history. ★

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Those of you who enjoyed seeing three Maclean's prize-winning fiction stories reappear as television plays last March will be happy to learn that six more of our recent and most popular short stories have been acquired by the networks as TV drama properties. They range all the way from a fable about a seductive ghostess who became a traffic menace in Montreal to a warm reminiscence about a sidewalk cafe that tried to add a continental air to prosaic Ottawa.

Of the six new stories slated to appear on your home screens within the next twelve months the first four mentioned below have been acquired for the CBC's half-hour On Camera and the other two will be offered by Alfred Hitchcock Presents over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The stories and authors concerned are: **Take Me Home Again Irene**, by Fred Sloman (Sept. 17, 1955); **The Flirtatious Phantom of Montreal**, by Michael Sheldon (Feb. 1, 1955); **The Great Carlak's Bitter Magic**, by John T. Keasler (Oct. 1, 1955); **Ottawa's First and Last Sidewalk Cafe**, by Ben Lappin (July 9, 1955); **Turmoil** by Fred Levon (Oct. 15, 1948); **The Strange Case of the Mail Order Prophet**, by Anthony Ferry (April 15, 1954).

Besides these stories On Camera has acquired two Maclean's articles for adaptation into drama scripts: Alan Phillips' Flashback **Who Was the Mad Trapper of Rat River?** (Oct. 1, 1955) and Trent Frayne's lively sports article **Why Big League Goalies Crack Up** (March 19, 1955). So you'll be seeing us on TV.

Here are some of the Maclean's characters you'll see on TV

The mad trapper

TAKE ME HOME AGAIN IRENE

An angel of the streets

The flirtatious phantom

The Great Carlak

Personal Shopping . . .

For most people shopping is a time-consuming chore . . . the wide variety and choice of merchandise, the time spent in planning, and the time spent in selecting . . . these are only a few of the problems that concern the discriminating buyer. But today's modern merchandising has instituted many services to lighten the load . . . for example, "the personal shopper," the specialist who assesses your shopping problems and then makes selections or suggestions to meet your needs and desires.

This personal shopping service has its counterpart in the investment business. For many years we have been assisting our clients in planning their investment portfolios, in obtaining basic or current information on which to base decisions, and in making investment selections to suit their individual requirements.

If you would like this kind of personal service just get in touch with us . . . any of our offices will be glad to help you.

A. E. Ames & Co.
Limited
Business Established 1889

TORONTO MONTREAL NEW YORK [illegible] VANCOUVER VICTORIA
WINNIPEG CALGARY LONDON HAMILTON OTTAWA KITCHENER ST. CATHARINES
OWEN SOUND QUEBEC BOSTON, MASS.

Ever drink
a label?

Posy and Jack who are coming in tonight used to be very label conscious. It didn't matter what anything tasted like—they'd read the label before they'd venture an opinion.

Last time we served them my favorite wine—Canadian "74" Sherry—but I covered the label with my hand. Posy used the word "delightful". Jack said it had "character".

They're good sports—and "74" fans now too. They agree now that the important thing is not the label on the bottle but the wine in the bottle.

Bright's *fine Canadian* Wines
SINCE 1874

I enjoyed reading "The Story of President Champagne." Write Bright's Wines, Lachine, Que. for your free copy

Parade

The curious case of almost everything

My, the strange things you do see across this fair land if you just keep your eyes open. A fellow in Winnipeg saw a woman get out of a car with a pair of her husband's trousers over her arm but before she took them into the dry cleaner's she paused to wipe off the car with them. An easterner appreciatively sampling the pride and expansiveness of the booming west was taken aback to discover in Edmonton a store called The Wee Supermarket. And an Edmonton salesman stopping for a cup of coffee in Edson Alta. found himself next to a customer who ordered a cup of boiling water and made his own coffee from a jar of the powdered stuff he carried in his pocket. Meanwhile back in a traffic jam in Kingston Ont. a motorist tells us of watching a little girl make three or four frightened attempts to get across a busy intersection, quite unnoticed by two women who stood gossiping by the curb. Finally she was rescued by the driver of a giant transport who effectively blocked traffic with his oversize vehicle, leaned out to wave the child safely across, then directed a scathing blast of invective at the two women for ignoring the child's plight.

• • •

A policeman in one of Toronto's northeastern suburbs did a bit of complaining upon being assigned to the bright yellow cruiser with the big letters POLICE ACCIDENT SQUAD figuring he'd never even catch a speeder in a squad car as prominent as that. But after a holdup attempt at a service station other cruisers searched the back roads for an hour without result until our friend joined the chase. The wanted man walked right out of a field and flagged him down, thinking he'd found a yellow cab.

THE LOCAL BASTILLE— AND HURRY!
POLICE ACCIDENT SQUAD

• • •

Many prairie dwellers climbed into their long woollies this year still shivering from the cold they endured last winter. We know of one couple in Grenfell Sask. who closed off their upstairs completely to save fuel oil, moving a bed down to the front room and bedding there comfortably right through last January. Only real complaint they had was that their radio started acting up, ruining the listening enjoyment of those long winter evenings by sputtering, squawking and occasionally fading right away. The repair man they took it to said it ran fine in the shop and they'd better look for faulty connections at home but when they turned off the refrigerator, deep freeze, furnace, lights and even the clock, the radio sputtered just the same. About Feb. 1 hubby made a hurried ascent to the polar regions above to find a missing pipe or something and heard a faint buzzing in a bed. It was the thermostat in an electric pad which had been clicking on and off for 46 days and 46 nights, ruining radio reception, wasting in electricity much of the money saved in oil but keeping that unused bed the snuggest spot in the house.

• • •

The new mining days aren't like the old. We were reading recently that the proud citizens of Elliot Lake Ont. near the more famous Blind River hired one of those town planners and he designed them a slick model community having one of everything a town should have including a jail. Even in these model mining days the boys still whoop it up on a Saturday night and it wasn't long until somebody obligingly turned up drunk and disorderly. There was not a little interest and pride among bystanders to see the town constable march his unruly prisoner off to what might be described as the grand inaugural of the new hoosegow. But there was considerable dismay next morning to find that the prisoner had gone, having smashed through the bars with a sledge hammer someone had conveniently left inside.

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING, JUST KNOCK!

• • •

As it must to all fire departments some time Fire Prevention Week came to the Ladner B.C., fire squad with their chief in hospital the victim of burns incurred when he threw a pail of water on his back-yard bonfire and it turned out to be gasoline.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine 481 University Ave., Toronto.

One look tells you...one ride proves it...
IT'S REVOLUTIONARY!

NEW THRILL-POWER
PLYMOUTH '57

SEE IT NOW . . . the new shape of motion on wheels—from "double-header" headlights to soaring tail fins

★ **Thrill** to a revolutionary smoothness of ride . . with new Torsion-Aire Ride. Try it now!

★ **Pass** with extra safety. It's easy with new V-8 or 6 *Thrill-Power* Go!

★ **Stop** safety-quick with just a touch of your toe on new Total-Contact brakes.

★ **Revel** in lavish new luxury, new fashion-keyed interior comfort and beauty.

★ **Touch** a button and all the shifting's done for you, automatically! Proved in use, trouble-free.

★ **Enjoy** it now—*Thrill-Power* Plymouth—the most advanced car in the low-priced field.

Smoother riding, easier handling because PLYMOUTH has new Torsion-Aire Ride

Old fashioned front coil springs are replaced by new torsion bars to permit a much lower centre of gravity. This, along with new super-soft tires, new low-friction steering and famous Oriflow shock absorbers, produces an entirely new standard of riding smoothness.

Float over bumps! Torsion-Aire practically carpets the road—makes bumps seem to disappear.

Corner flat and level! Lower centre of gravity keeps Plymouth hugging the road. "Lean" is unnoticeable as you take curves.

Stop without "nose-dive"! New anti-dip control arms and new off-centre rear springing eliminate "nose-dive" sensation, even on quick stops.

Manufactured in Canada by Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited

YOU'RE ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD IN CARS OF THE FORWARD LOOK

Make it twice the fun! The tune rolls gaily, the laughter rings out—when Coca-Cola sparkles the occasion. Its big, bright taste is so refreshing—and what a pleasant little lift it gives! For happy moments anywhere—enjoy the world's most popular drink—delicious Coca-Cola!

For the pause that refreshes

... Bring home the Coke!

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